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A WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.

The good Presbytery of Brooklyn have been greatly scandalized of late by the appearance of Miss Sarah F. Smiley, a Quakeress preacher, in the pulpit of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. Miss Smiley, as we learn from the daily papers, preached a most excellent and acceptable sermon, and none of the congregation took the least offense at the unusual spectacle of a woman in the pulpit. Not so, however, the Presbytery. Alarmed and apparently horrified at the innovation, they took immediate steps to call Dr. Cuyler to account, and a meeting of that body was held to consider what action, if any, should be taken in reference to his conduct. The moderator, the Rev. Joseph M. Green, expressly stated that the meeting was not called in an unfriendly spirit toward Dr. Cuyler or his church, but chiefly to ascertain the sense of the Presbytery upon the following questions: "First, shall the Presbyterian Church open corresponding relations with the Quaker Church, or Society of Friends? second, shall women be ordained as preachers? and third, shall the Presbyterian Church change its practice and modify its interpretation of Holy Scripture so as to recognize the right of women to ordination?"

At this meeting Dr. Cuyler made a full statement of the circumstances under which Miss Smiley was invited to preach in the church of which he is pastor; and, without entering into the merits of the question at all, we do not hesitate to say that his statement was exceedingly creditable both to himself and Miss Smiley. Dr. Cuyler's relations with the Society of Friends are of the most intimate and cordial character. He long resided in a Quaker family. A short time since he received a courteous and fraternal invitation from the Friends to address one of their revival meetings in Brooklyn. He had accepted this invitation, had been welcomed to their preacher's bench, or pulpit, and at the close of his discourse one of their most eminent ministers rose and said, with feeling: "We are in full accord with all that has fallen from our esteemed and beloved brother, Theodore Cuyler. 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'"

In response to this invitation Dr. Cuyler invited Miss Smiley, to whose discourses he had listened with deep interest, to address his own congregation on a Sunday evening. He announced the fact to his people in advance, and not a single member of the church expressed the slightest objection. "On the following Sunday evening," says Dr. Cuyler, "Miss Smiley was conducted to the Lafayette Avenue pulpit by the pastor. She came there in the decorous Quaker garb, and clothed upon with humility 'as becometh the saints.' Unlike some of the more extravagant ladies of our own congregation, she obeyed the Pauline precept, 'I will that the women be not adorned with gold, or pearls, or costly array.' After the usual opening services I introduced my friend to the very large, intelligent, and deeply solemn and attentive auditory. I said: 'My esteemed friend and co-worker in the service of Christ, Sarah F. Smiley, will now give to us such a Gospel message as she may have to offer.' Dr. Hodge, of Princeton—Dr. Hodge, of Christendom—says that St. Paul saluted Priscilla as his 'fellow-laborer in the promotion of the Gospel.' As such I introduced the good Quakeress, who having edified me with her pen, I was quite certain would edify my congregation from her lips. She used no text, but took the vision of Jacob at Bethel as her theme, and illustrated from it the upward steps of the soul from sin toward holiness and heaven; the steps being repentance of sin, faith in the atoning Saviour, and so forth. Her address, or discourse, was weighty, solemn, Scriptural, orthodox, tender, and melted some men to tears whom I have never seen so much moved before. She offered a devout and reverent prayer, a hymn was sung, and I concluded with the apostolic benediction."

On the conclusion of Dr. Cuyler's address an animated debate took place upon the subject of the meeting. It was not quite certain that the Presbytery knew exactly what they had come together for, or what was the real nature of Dr. Cuyler's offense. The Rev. Dr. Spear and the Rev. Dr. Talmage and the Rev. Alfred Taylor contended that the Presbytery had no occasion to act in the matter; but the Rev. Dr. Van Dike, the Rev. Mr. Patton, and others took the opposite view, and spoke strongly in condemnation of women as preachers. What they had to say on the subject was most plainly and succinctly stated by the Rev. Dr. M'Clelland, a blind Scotch clergyman. He contended that preaching by women was not sanctioned by church law nor by the Scriptures. Not from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Malachi could a single instance be found where a woman was installed into ordinary ministerial functions. That record covered 3500 years, and during all that time only three prophetesses were mentioned, and these clearly had qualified powers. Thus you have an average of one in 1200 years. The exceptional cases, he argued, established the rule against the women. In the New Testament he contended that the authority was all against the women. The Christian church, he remarked, was founded on the synagogue, not on the temple, and who does not know that no woman was ever permitted to teach in the synagogue? Both history and presumption were against women preaching, and he concluded by contending that direct prohibition was against it also.

At length, after a long and desultory debate, the following expression of opinion was adopted:

"The Presbytery having been informed that a woman has preached in one of our churches on Sabbath, at a regular service, at the request of the pastor, with the consent of the session; therefore,

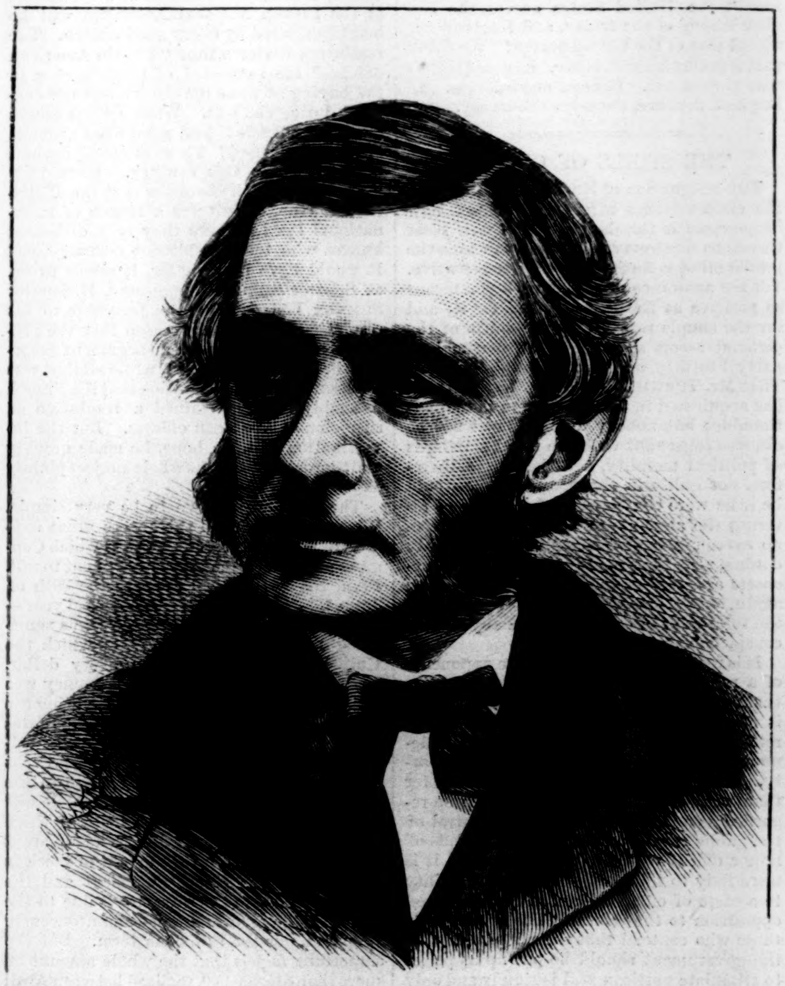
"*Resolved*, That the Presbytery feel constrained to enjoin upon our churches strict regard to the following deliverance of the General Assembly:

"'Meetings of pious women by themselves for conversation and prayer we entirely approve. But let not the inspired prohibitions of the great Apostle as found in his epistles to the Corinthians and to Timothy be violated. To teach and to exhort, or to lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies, is clearly forbidden to women in the Holy Oracles.'"

The Presbytery then adjourned, without having brought Dr. Cuyler or his church to a sense of the enormity of their offense in listening to a sermon by a Christian woman.

Miss Smiley, of whom we give a portrait on this page, is a woman of maturity, of sweet Christian character, and gifted with extraordinary powers as a preacher. She has passed her life in doing good with the talents God has given her. Two years ago she made a "religious visit" to Great Britain, and was not only honored by the British "Yearly Meeting" of Orthodox Friends with fullest fellowship, but was cordially welcomed by eminent persons of all denominations. The most brilliant man of letters in Scotland (himself a Presbyterian) sought her friendship, and opened up to her some of his spiritual difficulties; and as Priscilla of old expounded to the eloquent Apollos "the way of God more perfectly," so this gifted woman brought her wise counsels to the man of genius. After the war was over she left her cultured home and went as a voluntary missionary to the emancipated slaves of the South. She taught and addressed both males and females. Those liberated bondmen "heard her gladly." And, says Dr. Cuyler, I do not believe that if the Apostle Paul had stood by her side he would have said, "Woman, it is a shame for you to preach Jesus Christ to these poor negroes." Miss Smiley is a native of Vassalborough, Maine, and is now resident in Baltimore, Maryland.

The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of whom also a portrait is given on this page, was born at Aurora, on Cayuga Lake, in 1822. His father, a lawyer of reputation and ability, died when he was only four years old. He graduated from Princeton College at the age of nineteen, and from the Princeton Theological Seminary three years later. Since then he has been settled at Burlington, Trenton, the Market Street Church, New York, and is now pastor of the Lafayette



THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

MISS SARAH F. SMILEY, THE QUAKERESS PREACHER.
[From a Photograph by W. H. Williamson, Brooklyn.]

Avenue Church, in Brooklyn, whose membership is over 1400. The church edifice seats 2000 persons.

Dr. CUYLER is not only an eloquent preacher, but a very accomplished and successful writer. He has contributed over 1500 articles to various religious papers and magazines. The ensuing spring he will visit Scotland as the delegate of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to the General Assemblies of Scotland and Ireland. His course in regard to the Quakeress preacher is generally approved by the religious and secular press of the country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

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THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

THE report that the meeting of the Cincinnati convention had been postponed was perhaps due to the fact that the response of the country to the movement for the dissolution of the Republican party has not been satisfactory. Indeed, the summons has been nowhere very heartily welcomed. Mr. GROSVENOR, the chairman of the Missouri convention which issued the call, says that success depends very much upon co-operation in other States. But that co-operation does not yet appear. Of course Mr. GROSVENOR is too shrewd a politician to rate the applause and sympathy of Democratic conventions very highly. The Connecticut Democracy adopted two of the Missouri resolutions, but they did not allude to Cincinnati, and they have only taken up a smiling position upon the fence. They propose to "co-operate" for the benefit of the Democracy if an opportunity offers. But that is the limit of their co-operation, while the New York *Tribune*, which is the chief anti-Administration Republican journal, can have no very vital sympathy with an assembly of revenue reformers.

It is very possible that the disaffection in the Republican party may have been wrongly estimated both in character and extent. We have more than once stated that Senator SCHURZ is the only conspicuous Republican who has declared that he can not support General GRANT if he should be renominated. Senators SUMNER, TRUMBULL, FENTON, and LOGAN have as yet made no such declaration. That they would prefer another nomination is unquestionable, and that they will take all lawful methods to defeat it is very probable. But that these gentlemen and certain newspapers, which are brilliant free-lances in politics, really represent a great sentiment in the party nowhere appears. The main effort has thus far been to cast suspicion upon the honesty of the President. There has been a constant shower of innuendoes against "the White House." It is announced with an air of profound concern, by those who are striving to defeat the renomination, that the President's friends are ruining him; and when every thing that ingenuity can plausibly invent about the President has been exhausted, ingenuity turns and asks whether it is not suicidal folly to renominate a President of whom such things are said?

But the important question is not what is said, but what is believed. The Cincinnati managers seem to have mistaken the significance of the criticisms upon the Administration. There have undoubtedly been many things which good men in the party do not approve, and there is a wish among some members of the party that another candidate than the President may be selected at Philadelphia. But that is very far from a disposition to connive at a Democratic restoration by refusing to support the regular Republican nomination. Senators in Washington, breathing the air of personal gossip and scandal, which is the atmosphere of every great political capital, see the President not more truly than the country, and very differently from the great mass of the people. To the people of the United States the President is the hero of the war of the rebellion, and a plain, honest man seeking to do his duty. We do not believe that they suppose him to have made money by the general order system, nor by selling arms to France to defeat Germany. Nor do we believe that they hold him personally responsible for the knavish tricks of those who hold positions in the government. They see what one journal declares to be incontestably proved another journal insists not to be proved at all. In a word, they see that in the passionate tumult of assertion and denial it is not easy to discover the truth, and they rest upon the one thing which remains, and that is the general results of the administration, and their faith in the personal purity of the President.

If the Administration were the seething mass of corruption which it is sometimes alleged to be, would the Democratic party be in the moribund condition which the action of its Connecticut convention reveals? Could that party ask any thing more favorable to its hopes than a dominant opposition dissolving in its own corruption? What does the situation show but that the Republican hold upon the heart of the country is very sure? Yet what has so confirmed that hold but the general confidence in the character and purpose of the Administration? It is true that certain gentlemen who are called the President's friends oppose measures which he has recommended, such as the reform of the civil service and amnesty. But the gentlemen have always opposed them, and have opposed them openly, and despite their opposition the President urges them. It is alleged that this shows the President's interest in them to be a shallow pretense. Indeed! and when was it shown that the will and tenacity of General GRANT were less than those of the gentlemen who are called his friends? And what events in his career justify the theory that his action is mingled of folly and duplicity?

From this time to the assembling of the Republican Convention the attempt to stain the character of the President, and to stigmatize him to the country as unfit for another term, will be incessant and malevolent. But he has been in the Wilderness before—and he came out of it. They mistake profoundly and perilously who suppose that the people forget, or that the mists of calumny that gather about every Administration have obscured the remembrance of the days when General GRANT was the hope of America and of liberty. Coming fresh from the camp to the cabinet, has he betrayed one of the great principles of the party which lifted him to power? Differing from many honored leaders, as they differ among themselves, has he forgotten the emancipated race, or the honor of the nation, or the welfare of the people? Silent by nature and by the conditions of his position, has he to one honest mind seemed guilty of any of the foul charges that have been thundered against him? There will certainly be an indignant reaction in the mind and heart of the American people against the relentless effort to injure the good name of the President of the United States—a reaction which will surely and triumphantly re-elect him, as a man who, in the "fierce light" of the intensest party animosity, as in the long doubt of the war, has shown himself a modest and faithful servant of his country.

THE ENGLISH TREATY.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is so frank a friend of the United States, and the feeling for him in this country is so kind, that his late letter to the *Tribune* upon the treaty difficulty may be considered as the view of what may be called the American party in England. Mr. HUGHES says in substance that there was a certain understanding in regard to the treaty, which we have violated in the presentation of our case under the treaty. The understanding, he says, was that there was to be no claim for indirect losses or constructive damages. We have heard the same assertion made by others: there was "an understanding" that certain points were not to be included, but that we were to be satisfied with an apology, with the concession of certain principles, and with the payment of actual and proved losses. But if there were such an understanding, who were the parties to it? Where is the record of it? Mr. HUGHES really accuses the United States Government of the utmost dishonor.

No treaty of which the cardinal condition is the reference of disputed points to an arbitration can be interpreted by what is vaguely called a tacit understanding. The essential understanding between the negotiators is recorded, as it was in this case. When national parties to an ordinary treaty differ as to its significance, they will very properly often refer it to friendly adjudication. But when the treaty itself provides for such a settlement, there is no question left except that of accepting the award of the arbitration. In the case of the Treaty of Washington, the claim of "an understanding" must be relinquished, because the very question at issue was not left to understanding. The American case, as we showed last week, has always been the same. It has always been composed of two claims, for direct and for indirect losses. In the very protocol to which Mr. HUGHES refers it is expressly stated that the right to demand the indirect losses was not waived if the amicable settlement was not made. That amicable settlement was an apology and the payment of a gross sum—and England declined it. That having failed, and the right to claim indirect losses being resumed, the treaty was negotiated, by which every question and every claim were referred to the tribunal.

Mr. HUGHES quotes the words of the treaty as sustaining the English view of the case, but he must be aware that the meaning of the treaty can not be finally settled by either of the parties. "The high contracting parties agree that all the said claims, growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels, shall be referred to a tribunal of arbitration." And that means, says Mr. HUGHES, the claims arising from vessels actually and unlawfully seized and destroyed. But why are not the expenses of pursuit, and the enhanced payments of insurance, and the prolongation of the war to be considered "as growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels?" Because every body knows that they were not meant, says Mr. HUGHES. But he must excuse us. We do not know it in this country, and it is the very question that we have referred to Geneva, not to England.

It is very evident why the English people and Mr. GLADSTONE should be annoyed by this view of the subject. They had laughed at the idea of consequential damages as growing out of the Queen's proclamation according belligerent rights to the rebels. And when General GRANT stated that each nation must decide for itself when to recognize belligerency, they undoubtedly considered the remark as a renunciation of our claims. But the claim of indirect loss remained. It was not, however, based upon the proclamation, but upon the acts of "the aforesaid vessels." And the American concession in the treaty was the reference of both the indirect and direct claims to a tribunal which might award damages for neither. This is a point which Mr. HUGHES and his fellow-Englishmen fail to see. The United States said that deep and universal as was the national sense of injury, and great as was the possible amount of the claims they might prefer, yet, to heal bitterness of feeling and to avoid the chance of war, they would, in consideration of the expressions of regret, and of the retroactive principles of international law, leave the entire pecuniary question to the tribunal. Should that tribunal not award the United States a single dollar, they will abide by the treaty which contains the regret and the improved law.

Mr. GLADSTONE knows that the pride of Englishmen is touched by the supposition that they could possibly have left the question of payment of an incalculable sum to the decision of five gentlemen at Geneva. But that he should insist that England should disregard the treaty if her own view of it is not conceded in advance of the arbitration for which the treaty provides, is a position so singular and untenable that we must expect it to be abandoned. Why should the United States accept the English theory of the treaty, and England not accept that of the United States? We think that it covers indirect losses. England thinks that it does not. Geneva must decide. If England declines, she tears the treaty.

THE SPOILS OF OFFICE.

THE resignation of Mr. TERWILLIGER, and the circumstances attending it, show how deep-seated is the danger which now most threatens free government, and to which the public mind is fortunately now so sensitive. Yet the assurance of remedy is by no means so positive as the loud demand for it, and for the simple reason that the spirit of the demand seems so often to be personal or party hostility, and not the public welfare. That Mr. TERWILLIGER, as his letter states, has acquiesced in an evil custom is unquestionable; but nobody doubts that what he did was consonant with the usnal standards of political morality, and that he is, therefore, not guilty in the sense that he would be if he were convicted of the charge of altering the amounts of bills. It is, indeed, no extenuation of his conduct that nobody doubts, also, that many of his loudest accusers are guiltier than he. But this fact, again, only shows the depth of the evil, and the total want of confidence in many men of conspicuous public position.

It is remarkable that the active opponents of a reform of the civil service do not see that so long as the present system continues it offers a premium for dishonesty. The reform which the President proposes is denounced as a proposition to disband the party. But will honest reform disband it faster than rascality? If an election is to be regarded as a battle to secure the control of the public revenue, and of the thousands of minor offices which have charge of it, it is mere folly to talk of the American hostility to a caste of office-holders as the reason of opposition to the reform. The principle of those who contend that the minor offices of the government should be put up as prizes to stimulate partisan zeal is simply and only that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy, and they ought not to be afraid of the phrase which describes their faith.

But if that is to be the principle, its consequences must be frankly accepted. The offices must be called prizes and rewards. Promises and pledges of positions must be regarded as the lawful currency of a campaign. Those who obtain them must make hay while the sun shines. Conscientiousness, scrutiny into methods, diligence, fidelity, must take their chance. The object of political or party activity being money, or place as the means of getting money, the rest will follow, and those who defend the spoils system can not complain. But it is defended upon party grounds. Do the investigations at Albany, then, help the party? Do the exposures of the general order system help the party? Does the rancorous schism in New York help the party? Does the desperate fight every where, in the Senate and out of it, help the party? Do impatience, doubt, and disgust help the party? They all spring from the system of the spoils for the victor. And does any sensible man suppose that such things unite the party, and that an effort to reform them will disband it?

The President, we are glad to believe, does not think so meanly of the people. He does not seem to suppose it a chimerical idea that they would prefer to remove as far as practicable all temptation from the officers of the government to betray or to neglect their trusts. He seems to believe that if clerks and other officers were selected because they were suitable and qualified, and not because they had been useful to Senator A, or were family friends of Representative B, the country would not complain. He evidently reposes upon the common-sense of the people. In this country, indeed, every man should, in a certain sense, be a politician; that is, he should be so familiar with political principles and tendencies as to be able to vote intelligently. But there is a class of men called by distinction "politicians" who naturally suppose that they monopolize all political knowledge, and that the world is on the way to ruin when they are not exclusively heeded. But it is not to this class, we believe, that the country gives its confidence. To-day, unless we are mistaken, it trusts the President more than the politicians, and doubts him chiefly when he seems to yield to them. He is not likely to approve any measure of reform which seems to him impracticable or foolish. But if any man in the country may be supposed to know the working and the results of the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils, it is the President, and he has declared his hostility to it.

ARMS AND HONOR.

THE investigation into the grounds of the aspersion upon the Government of the United States, made in a resolution of a committee of the French National Assembly, will be heartily desired by every good citizen. The resolution declares that "certain American officials" are suspected of participating in the buying of arms for the French Government during the war. What are the names of these "officials?" and upon what grounds are they suspected? These are the questions of interest for this country. Were they "officials" of such character that the allegation, if true, constitutes a breach of international law? or were they only dishonest knaves who took fraudulent commissions? It would have been better, it seems to us, as Senator SHERMAN suggested, if Senator SUMNER had omitted the preamble to his resolutions, and for the reason that the preamble is in the nature of an argument favoring the suspicions alleged, while all that was necessary was the declaration that the French Assembly had entertained a resolution of suspicion of American officers. But the investigation will, we hope, be made quickly and thoroughly, and the whole subject plainly exposed.

The facts we believe to be very simple. When our war ended there were great supplies of arms and material of war, which Congress authorized the War Department to sell. From the 1st of April, 1865, to the 30th of June, 1871—the close of the last fiscal year—the amount realized by the sales was something more than $15,000,000, of which the United States has received every dollar. The material was sold, and the money was fully counted into the Treasury. During the French and German war the United States Government refused to sell arms to either belligerent, but, of course, it could not prevent sales to those who might sell again to the belligerent governments. All it could do was to refuse to sell to known agents of those governments, and this it did. The apparent discrepancy between the amount of receipts for sales by the War Department and the amount paid into the Treasury is due to the fact that the reports are not simultaneously prepared, nor for the same term. But the important fact is that the whole amount of more than $15,000,000, realized between April 1, 1865, and July 1, 1871, has been paid into the Treasury and accounted for, except a balance of something more than $114,000, which

remains in the hands of officers of the War Department, also wholly accounted for.

We say we trust that the investigation will be swift and thorough; and we equally trust that if the suspicions alleged in the French Assembly to exist against certain officials of this Government are dissipated, the French Government will be invited to explain the grounds upon which they were alleged, and its views of the comity of countenancing such assertions. The international question involved is one of those which are unsettled. During our war of the rebellion the Government bought arms in England, and the rebels did the same, and no complaint was made. England was a neutral selling in the open market. During the German and French war England occupied the same position. And had we notified each belligerent that we would sell equally to each, it is not conceded that either could have complained. But the Government decided to avoid all question, and not to sell to known agents of the belligerents. The French complained that we were unfriendly. The undisguised sympathy of the country with the Germans disheartened them. Every influential Republican journal was strenuous in its expressions. Mr. SCHURZ, a Republican Senator, even addressed German meetings of sympathy; and the Republican Administration did not hesitate to prevent the sailing of the men upon the *Lafayette* who were alleged to have been enlisted for the French service, nor to protest against the hovering of French cruisers near our ports to intercept German vessels. If, therefore, there be any truth in the statement that the investigation has been proposed not alone to ascertain if there has been fraud, but to injure the Administration by showing that it helped France to prolong the war to the detriment of Germany, a very short memory will dispose of the effort.

It is not pleasant, indeed, to hear it alleged, as it was by Senator SHERMAN, that this was the opening of a political debate. He meant, probably, that the Senators who are known to be opposed to the President had brought the resolutions forward with other intentions than merely to ascertain the truth. It was by implication to cast odium upon the Administration, if not to involve some of its members. But such a course, were it intended, would not end with the disgrace of an Administration. It would be a disgrace to the country, a blot upon the national name. But since the inquiry must be made, it should itself be free from all suspicion. It will develop two things: whether high officers of the United States have been corrupt; and whether the inquiry was intended mainly for political and personal effect.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

SOME distinguished gentleman has lately remarked that the Christianization of the country is the sole hope of its political salvation—a proposition which few would care to dispute if they might interpret it as they wished. But when it is added that this Christianization is to be effected by a formal recognition of the Divine Author of the universe in an amendment to the Constitution, the remark becomes unpleasantly foolish. The Christianity of the nation can neither be proved nor affected by any allusion to religious beliefs in the fundamental law. And that for the very obvious reason that the men who framed the Constitution—although many of them good men, and all of them, as living in what is called a Christian land, Christian men—very carefully resolved that in making a bond of political union they would avoid all the mischiefs which have sprung from state recognitions of religion. But not content negatively to omit all reference to the subject in the instrument itself, the people adopted as the very first amendment to it the declaration that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

This jealous prohibition of an establishment is the assertion of religious liberty. And that is one of the chief glories of our Constitution. It understands its sphere and its purpose so well that it shows no favor to the approach of the most plausible peril. But are we not a Christian people? it is asked; and shall we be ashamed to own it? This is, however, a confusion of ideas. As citizens, we are not Christians nor pagans; we are merely Americans. The American citizen who is not a Christian is no less a citizen than his neighbor who is; and his neighbors, if they would guard equal liberty, will not attempt to place in a political instrument any religious expression. It seems very hard for many good people to understand the significance of religious liberty. They say that it must not mean license. But they do not tell us who is to discriminate between liberty and license. The essence of religious liberty is that the state, as such, will have no other concern with religion than to protect every man in cherishing that which he prefers, so long as he does not interfere with the equal right of his neighbors to do the same.

This practical religious freedom is the religious characteristic of this country. Pagan, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon, Mohammedan, and Christian of every sect, from the Roman to the Campbellite, may worship according to his own choice. The state is absolutely impartial. Indeed, the varieties of sectarian Christian faiths are conceded not to be proper subjects of criticism. And it is only when some church or some clergyman, as such, interferes in politics that they become justly amenable to public comment and censure. All sectarian legislation—the giving of money collected from all the people to the maintenance of any sectarian establishment, whether under the name of school or whatever other name may be given to it—is, therefore, one of the most fatal errors possible. The apparent good to be accomplished in certain instances is more than balanced by the general mischief sure to result upon the whole.

We observe that the engineers of the project to introduce a religious amendment into the Constitution made unauthorized use of the names of certain distinguished gentlemen, such as Governor WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, and Governor JEWELL, of Connecticut. Will the committee who used these names without authority inform the public which of the other names they were authorized to associate with their movement? This use of noted names without authority is a kind of forgery. It is imposing upon the public under false pretenses; and those who are anxious to make the Constitution a religious instrument might properly observe the rules of morality in their attempt.

PERSONAL.

A VERY notable banquet was recently given in Washington by the representatives of the various journals of the country resident there. Twenty-three papers were represented. But the noteworthy incident of the occasion was the fact that among the guests were the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, six Senators, three Representatives, and a few other gentlemen of distinction. The dinner simply showed the power to which the press has attained. So late as the administration of Mr. BUCHANAN, if the few reporters and letter-writers then stationed at the capital had invited the chief dignitaries of the nation to a little spread at a restaurant, it would have been treated with indifference, probably with contempt. But things have changed. The journalist is now essential to the politician. The politician is not essential to the journalist. Not much.

—Mr. M'MASTER, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic), evidently believes in the most extreme measures to counteract the influence of our free schools. An article in that journal, quoted in the *Herald* of February 18, protests against sending Catholic children to these institutions. It wants it to be "thundered in the ears of Catholics that they can not make their Easter communion if they thus offer their children to the imminent peril of perdition, and the beginning of the cure will be wrought. When Catholic parents understand that they can not have absolution in the confessional while they let their children go to godless or to Protestant schools, they will soon find a remedy."

—Among the distinguished strangers at present temporarily in New York is Mr. E. F. CODY, better known to the citizens of the United States as "Buffalo Bill." William of Buffalo is especially noted as the slaughterer of several millions, more or less, of the maniac buffalo, reveling in the gore of that quadruped, and selling their pelts for inconsiderable totals in greenbacks. He is a fine, athletic-looking young fellow, dresses in gray, is pleased with the peculiarities of New York, and disgusted with the "interviewer."

—The election of Mr. BRAND to the Speakership of the House of Commons is regarded in England more as the reward of efficient partisanship than as being the best selection the government could have made. Of his capacity, however, there is no complaint. He has far more power than our Speaker of the House of Representatives, and there is no appeal whatever from his decision on points of order. He is independent of the Crown and of the Executive. The only right which the sovereign has with regard to him is that of placing a veto upon his election by the House. His duties are onerous; he takes the chair at 4 P.M. daily, except on Saturdays, during the session, and unless relieved when the House goes into committee, remains there until the adjournment is moved at any hour the next morning. Mr. BRAND is the 115th who has occupied the Speaker's chair since the reign of HENRY III., in 1359.

—DANIEL W. VOORHEES is spoken of as the probable candidate of the Democratic party of Indiana for Governor. Mr. VOORHEES is in the very prime of manhood, being forty-three years of age. He has been almost constantly in public life since he was appointed United States District Attorney of Indiana by President BUCHANAN in 1858. He was first elected to Congress in 1860, and is concededly one of the finest orators in the House, his presence, voice, manner, and matter commanding the undivided attention of that body whenever he participates in debate.

—Mr. DISRAELI, notwithstanding the responsibilities of his Parliamentary leadership, finds time to indulge in the old luxury of composition. For a new edition of his "Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck" he has written a preface, wherein he remarks that "one views contemporary history with justifiable suspicion: the prejudice and passion which often deform its pages are scarcely compensated for by the authentic information which, when written by a chief actor in the scene, it certainly ought to supply. A severe scrutiny has convinced me that the statements of fact in this work are rigidly accurate. But what gratifies me most, on its reperusal, is the impartial spirit in which the motives of individuals and parties are considered and described. To every individual justice is done. After twenty years the character of Sir ROBERT PEEL appears to me to be more true than any which has appeared of that eminent man....Since the 'Political Biography' was published an important event respecting the civil disabilities of another portion of her Majesty's subjects has occurred—the emancipation of the Jews."

—Speaking of the Controller of the Currency, the Chicago *Journal* says: "He is a Chicago man. He was formerly a commission merchant, and the publisher of a commercial circular. Some six or eight years ago he went to Washington, became assistant in the office of the Controller of the Currency, and subsequently was appointed to the chief position in that bureau. Mr. HULBURD is a young man, but possessed of unusual nerve and financial capacity. To him are our Chicago national banks indebted for their prompt and complete restoration after the fire. He came personally to the city, consulted with the officers of the various banks, informed himself as to their condition, and insisted that all of them must immediately resume business, paying dollar for dollar. All of them did so—some with great reluctance—and the banks themselves, as well as the business community in general, were soon made to realize the wisdom of his policy."

—The return of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS from Geneva suggests a thought as to the remarkable history of the ADAMS family, especially as negotiators for the wise settlement of international difficulties between the United States and England. JOHN ADAMS, of Revolutionary memory, was the associate of FRANKLIN, JAY, and LAURENS in finally adjusting the terms of the separation of an independent republic from the exactions of tyrannical monarchy. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was one of the commissioners, with HENRY CLAY and others, at Ghent; and now CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS stands one of the foremost of our representatives at Geneva. Neither of his progenitors, however, found himself surrounded with difficulties so grave and complicated, or was pitted against men more able, or breasted a public opinion more hostile to the United States, than CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS while minister to the Court of St. James; and the country can repose with confidence on the ability, discretion, and patriotism he is sure to display in the pending negotiations at Geneva.

—Apropos of autographs: Prince BISMARCK is averse to giving his, but his secretary engaged to procure it for Count ENZENBERG, the new German embassador to Mexico, who is an avowed autograph hunter. The prince inscribed his name on the page graced already by the autographs of MM. GUIZOT and THIERS. M. GUIZOT had written: "In my long life I have learned two principles—to forgive much, and never forget." M. THIERS had added: "A little forgetfulness does not hurt the sincerity of the pardon." Prince BISMARCK improved the sentiment by writing: "I have learned to forget much and to have much forgiven me."

—The Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, recently assassinated by a Mussulman convict, was one of the last appointments made by Mr. DISRAELI, in September, 1868, before his retirement. He was born in Dublin on February 21, 1822, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was elected a member of the English House of Commons in 1847, in the conservative interest, and occupied a seat in that body until within the last four years. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland in three Derby administrations; that is to say, from March to December, 1852, from February, 1858, to June, 1859, and from June, 1866, to September, 1868. During his active political life he was known by the courtesy title of Lord Naas. In 1867 he succeeded his father in the Earldom of Mayo. His appointment to India was much criticised, even by DISRAELI's friends; but he knew his man, and believed that strong sense, knowledge of human nature, good temper, industry, and honesty would do the work, and the success of the earl's administration has justified the selection.

—Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS and Mr. WAITE, our other lawyer at Geneva, when in London the other day had the curiosity to see the TICHBORNE, and so wended their way to the "courthouse." How they fared in their efforts to get in is amusingly told by Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY (one of our contributors), in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "Well, just as I conclude that I have not laid my plans long enough beforehand, and turn to depart, whom should I meet but EVARTS and his partner, Mr. WAITE. They have come over to prosecute the *Alabama* business at Geneva, and naturally desire to hear the Attorney-General in this case. They are armed with an order for admission from BAXTER, ROSE, & Co., solicitors in the TICHBORNE case; and as the order is for three, Mr. EVARTS kindly gives me a good hold on his coat tail, which I have no doubt will carry me in. But alas! when the order is presented, the remorseless police chief will not honor it. In vain I inform him that it is the late Attorney-General of the United States (uttering 'late' in a very low, the rest in a brave voice). He 'has his orders from the judge—none but blue tickets.' So our famous American barristers have to stand aside with the rest! It was rather droll to see a negro barrister (he was once a Philadelphia 'darky') enter while the defender of President JOHNSON was standing aside. After several efforts made to bring the guardians of the gates to realize the importance of the American eagle, I saw EVARTS's eye fix upon a wigged barrister who came out of the court-room and walked along the street. 'That man has a good face—gentlemanly, amiable, and determined,' says EVARTS. In another moment he is beside the white wig. White wig turns; he undertakes the business; goes in, goes out, consults, argues, pleads, suffers snubs, refusals; but at last the iron gates fly open, and in we go." Once in, the party are treated with the greatest consideration by judge and counsel, and invited to seats among the dignitaries.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the United States Senate, February 12, the vote by which the Chicago Relief bill had been passed was reconsidered. The American "case" as laid before the Geneva Conference was presented by the President in a message to the Senate February 13. Mr. Sumner asked for the appointment of a special committee to investigate the alleged sale of arms by the United States to the French government during the war with Germany. It was resolved that the Secretary of the Navy be instructed to sell all useless vessels and material in his department.

In the House of Representatives, February 12, a petition from several women, asking to be heard before the bar of the House in support of their claim to the right of suffrage, was denied by a vote of 87 to 95. On the same day the House refused to pass a resolution declaring the validity of all existing laws for the enforcement of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to report a bill repealing all import duties on tea and coffee. The House voted down a motion of Mr. Butler's calling on the President for information as to the intention of the British government to withdraw from the Treaty of Washington.

Another city charter was presented to the Legislature February 12. It is said to be the production of Messrs. Clinton and Lawrence, with the approval of both wings of the Republicans and the Apollo Hall Democracy. It provides for an election of Mayor, Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen, Controller, and Corporation Attorney in April next, for the term of two years. The heads of departments are to be appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by a majority of the Aldermen. The Charter bill proposed before this one was passed to a third reading in the Assembly February 16.

The situation on the Union Pacific Railroad is more discouraging than ever. The progress of digging out the trains is very slow, and there is some doubt of the tracks being cleared before spring. Nine passenger trains and a thousand freight cars are blocked.

The funeral of the late Archbishop Spalding took place at Baltimore February 12. Archbishop M'Closkey, of New York, delivered the oration, and thousands of Catholics followed the remains to the cemetery.

A locomotive exploded near Susquehanna Dépôt, on the Erie Railroad, February 14, killing one man and severely wounding several others.

The West Virginia Constitutional Convention, February 13, voted to give the right of suffrage to all citizens without regard to color. It also adopted a bill to prevent dueling in the State.

Ex-Speaker Carter and Chief of Police Badger, of New Orleans, fought a duel February 15. Only one shot was fired by each, but without result, when the seconds interfered and stopped the fight.

The Committee of Ways and Means of the New York State Assembly reported, February 15, that there was no truth in the charges of corruption, etc., against the Commissioners of the new Capitol.

Mr. Hale advocated the repeal of the infamous Erie Classification bill before the State Judiciary Committee February 15. The stock and funded debt, he said, had increased $65,394,580 since the advent of Fisk and Gould, with nothing to account for it.

Governor Hoffman has vetoed Senate bill No. 58, "an Act for the protection of tax-payers against Embezzlement," etc., on the ground, chiefly, that greater evils would arise out of the remedy than now exist. Subsequently an amended bill was introduced in the Senate.

The steamer *Belle Vernon* was sunk at the mouth of the Licking River by a large cake of ice February 15. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

Buckhout, the Sleepy Hollow murderer, was hanged at White Plains, New York, February 16.

The remains of the late Major-General Robert Anderson were placed in a vault in the Marble Cemetery, in New York city, February 12, awaiting the completion of a tomb at West Point.

Walter Roche, vice-president of the defunct Bowling Green Savings-Bank, of New York, was arrested, February 13, on a civil suit to recover from $60,000 to $80,000 of its funds which he is said to have misappropriated. He gave bail in $50,000 to answer.

James M. Sweeny and Hugh Smith have given bail in $10,000 each to answer indictments for Ring frauds found by Judge Bedford's Grand Jury.

Mrs. William B. Astor died in New York, February 15, in the seventy-third year of her age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE "case" of the British government, as presented to the Geneva Conference, was laid before Parliament February 16. The argument is divided into ten parts, and concludes as follows: "While England regrets the departure of rebel cruisers from her ports, she can not acknowledge the justice of the claims against her for pecuniary damages for their acts. The United States must solidly establish the fact of England's negligence. England is ready to accept the award of the Tribunal of Arbitration, whether favorable or unfavorable. She desires only that it shall be just." In the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli asked the government if an answer to Earl Granville's note had been received from the United States, and Mr. Gladstone replied that one was expected about the 1st of March.

The small-pox is pronounced epidemic at Edinburgh.

Five thousand pounds sterling have been subscribed in England toward the Livingstone Search Fund.

Messrs. Caleb Cushing, J. Bancroft Davis, William M. Evarts, and Waite have arrived in Paris, and are in close consultation over the *Alabama* claims question. They were introduced to President Thiers February 16.

M. Rouher, formerly Minister of State under Napoleon, has been elected to the French Assembly from the island of Corsica.

It is said that the French government is negotiating with the German empire for a new basis of settlement of the indemnity claims.

Prayers were offered in all the churches of Sheffield, England, February 12, for the prevention of war with the United States.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, February 12, declined to state the American "case" on the *Alabama* question, saying that it had not yet been printed, and it would therefore be unjust to publish the document at present.

His Excellency Earl Mayo, Governor-General of India, was assassinated by a Mohammedan convict at Port Blair, Andaman Islands, February 8. He was in the fiftieth year of his age, and had served the crown in various responsible positions with marked distinction. The assassin was speedily tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Baron Francis Napier will succeed the earl as Governor-General.

General Sherman and party reached Rome February 12. On the following day the general was presented to the king.

The Count de Chambord has reached Antwerp, where he will take up his residence.

In Mexico the revolutionists have postponed the attack on Matamoras until after the fall of San Luis, which is looked for speedily. A battle near Puebla is reported, in which the government troops were routed. Ex-Governor Felix Diaz has been assassinated.

Captain-General Valmaseda returned to Havana February 13.

A fire occurred in the "Iron Block," on Front Street, Toronto, February 14, by which half a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

Telegraphic communication between Jamaica and Porto Rico was perfected February 14.

The revolution in the Philippine Islands has been suppressed. The leader was executed, and eleven of his followers are to be punished in the same way.

The Persian famine continues with unabated fury, and many persons are dying daily.

Spain invites proposals for a cable to the Canaries, and thence to one of her possessions in America.

Lisbon was shaken by an earthquake, February 13, but the damage was not serious.

THE BRITISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITION IN INDIA—INCIDENT AT BAKUL.—[See Page 175.]

ENTRANCE TO THE ANCIENT JEWISH CATACOMBS AT ROME.—[See Page 173.]

"PA-HA-UZAH-TONKA."

THIS is the portrait of an aged Sioux squaw, familiarly known in the Northwest as "Old Betz." Her Indian name signifies "one who gathers berries running." She died recently at her home near St. Paul, Minnesota, at the extreme old age of one hundred and twenty years—at least she claimed to have lived this unconscionable length of time; but the age of such people is always very uncertain, and the probability is that she was not so old by a quarter of a century.

"Old Betz" will long be kindly remembered by thousands of our frontier settlers who through her received timely warning of the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in 1862, which cost Minnesota over one thousand souls. She was always well disposed toward the white people, upon whose charity she subsisted during the last years of her long life, and was treated by them with the consideration and respect which she had earned so well.

"PA-HA-UZAH-TONKA," AT THE AGE OF 120 YEARS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

THE young Indian woman in the accompanying sketch, who sits so placidly by the rude hammock-cradle of her sleeping baby, belongs to a Canadian tribe. Years ago, when a mere child, her great beauty attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales at Niagara—she herself is a princess among her own people—and he admired her so much that he had her portrait painted for his private gallery. Since then she has married a member of her own tribe, and is the happy mother of a bouncing papoose.

She is still very beautiful; and an artistic tourist, chancing one day to look in upon her summer lodge, sketched the pretty domestic scene which is here presented to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. It shows that the Indian character, when not debased by the worser influences of white civilization, is capable of the same domestic traits that are found in our own households, and that the race has been more sinned against than sinning when brought in contact with the race which has taken possession of their lands, broken up their houses, driven them from their hunting grounds, and made them worse savages than they were before the first white man set his foot on the shores of the New World. Take this picture in connection with that of the fine old squaw who saved her white neighbors from the Sioux massacre, and who shall say that we have fulfilled our duty to the Indian races by driving them into hostilities, and then declaring that extermination is their deserved fate?

JEWISH CATACOMBS AT ROME.

AMONG the antiquities of Rome, to which public attention has been directed by recent explorations and discoveries, none are more interesting than the ancient Jewish catacombs, of which we give an illustration on page 172. The view comprises the entrance, amidst the remains of what is supposed to have been a Roman dwelling-house. There is a hall or large chamber, now open to the sky, floored with black and white mosaic. A low door from the adjoining chamber leads to an under-ground gallery, which passes through six cubicula, or small apartments. One of these contains a fine white marble sarcophagus, or coffin, and is decorated with a fresco painting of the seven-branched candlestick. Another chamber displays such figures as Plenty, with a cornucopia, and Victory, with a palm leaf. A side passage leads to other cubicula, and finally to an open space, which may have been the abandoned sand-pit or stone-quarry, utilized for the formation of a cemetery here. There are graves or vaults in the floor, divided into a number of cells for the corpses. The inscriptions are mostly in Latin words, but in letters of the Greek alphabet. They show that the cemetery was used by the Jews exclusively, and that the rulers of the synagogue, the scribes, and other persons holding office in their community, were interred in this place.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN., FROM A SKETCH BY R. EMMET.]

UNDER THE LINDEN-TREES.

Under the linden-trees
Soft sighs the summer breeze;
Sweet birds are singing.
Sweeter than warbler's song,
Fond thoughts upon me throng,
Old memories bringing.

Well I recall the day—
Long, so long past away—
Of calm summer weather,
When by this gentle stream,
Wrapped in Love's earliest dream,
We two sat together;

When the light balmy air
Fluttered the golden hair
On her beautiful brow:
Still one bright tress I keep,
Though to her last long sleep
We have borne her now.

Once more her happy voice
Makes my sad heart rejoice,
That with sorrow is riven;
Once more, with glad surprise,
Love beams in violet eyes,
That shine but in heaven.

Thus I my senses steep
In dreams that are not of sleep,
By this soft gliding river.
Oh, might I never wake
Till that 'blest day shall break
That unites us forever!

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

But whichever way Lydgate began to incline, there was something to make him wince; and being a proud man, he was a little exasperated at being obliged to wince. He did not like frustrating his own best purposes by getting on bad terms with Bulstrode; he did not like voting against Farebrother, and helping to deprive him of function and salary; and the question occurred whether the additional forty pounds might not leave the Vicar free from that ignoble care about winning at cards. Moreover, Lydgate did not like the consciousness that in voting for Tyke he should be voting on the side obviously convenient for himself. But would the end really be his own convenience? Other people would say so, and would allege that he was currying favor with Bulstrode for the sake of making himself important and getting on in the world. What then? He for his own part knew that if his personal prospects simply had been concerned, he would not have cared a rotten nut for the banker's friendship or enmity. What he really cared for was a medium for his work, a vehicle for his ideas; and, after all, was he not bound to prefer the object of getting a good hospital, where he could demonstrate the specific distinctions of fever and test therapeutic results, before any thing else connected with this chaplaincy? For the first time Lydgate was feeling the hampering thread-like pressure of small social conditions, and their frustrating complexity. At the end of his inward debate, when he set out for the hospital, his hope was really in the chance that discussion might somehow give a new aspect to the question, and make the scale dip so as to exclude the necessity for voting. I think he trusted a little also to the energy which is begotten by circumstances—some feeling rushing warmly and making resolve easy, while debate in cool blood had only made it more difficult. However it was, he did not distinctly say to himself on which side he would vote; and all the while he was inwardly resenting the subjection which had been forced upon him. It would have seemed beforehand like a ridiculous piece of bad logic that he, with his unmixed resolutions of independence and his select purposes, would find himself at the very outset in the grasp of petty alternatives, each of which was repugnant to him. In his student's chambers he had prearranged his social action quite differently.

Lydgate was late in setting out, but Dr. Sprague, the two other surgeons, and several of the directors had arrived early; Mr. Bulstrode, treasurer and chairman, being among those who were still absent. The conversation seemed to imply that the issue was problematical, and that a majority for Tyke was not so certain as had been generally supposed. The two physicians, for a wonder, turned out to be unanimous, or rather, though of different minds, they concurred in action. Dr. Sprague, the rugged and weighty, was, as every one had foreseen, an adherent of Mr. Farebrother. The Doctor was more than suspected of having no religion, but somehow Middlemarch tolerated this deficiency in him as if he had been a Lord Chancellor; indeed, it is probable that his professional weight was the more believed in, the world-old association of cleverness with the evil principle being still potent in the minds even of lady patients who had the strictest ideas of frilling and sentiment. It was perhaps this negation in the Doctor which made his neighbors call him hard-headed and dry-witted; conditions of texture which were also held favorable to the storing of judgments connected with drugs. At all events, it is certain that if any medical man had come to Middlemarch with the reputation of having very definite religious views, of being given to prayer, and of otherwise showing an active piety, there would have been a general presumption against his medical skill.

On this ground it was (professionally speaking) fortunate for Dr. Minchin that his religious sympathies were of a general kind, and such as gave a distant medical sanction to all serious sentiment, whether of Church or Dissent, rather than any adhesion to particular tenets. If Mr. Bulstrode insisted, as he was apt to do, on the Lutheran doctrine of justification as that by which a church must stand or fall, Dr. Minchin in return was quite sure that man was not a mere machine or a fortuitous conjunction of atoms; if Mrs. Wimple insisted on a particular providence in relation to her stomach complaint, Dr. Minchin for his part liked to keep the mental windows open, and objected to fixed limits; if the Unitarian brewer jested about the Athanasian Creed, Dr. Minchin quoted Pope's "Essay on Man." He objected to the rather free style of anecdote in which Dr. Sprague indulged, preferring well-sanctioned quotations, and liking refinement of all kinds: it was generally known that he had some kinship to a bishop, and sometimes spent his holidays at "the palace."

Dr. Minchin was soft-handed, pale-complexioned, and of rounded outline, not to be distinguished from a mild clergyman in appearance: whereas Dr. Sprague was superfluously tall; his trowsers got creased at the knees, and showed an excess of boot at a time when straps seemed necessary to any dignity of bearing; you heard him go in and out, and up and down, as if he had come to see after the roofing. In short, he had weight, and might be expected to grapple with a disease and throw it; while Dr. Minchin might be better able to detect it lurking and to circumvent it. They enjoyed about equally the mysterious privilege of medical reputation, and concealed with much etiquette their contempt for each other's skill. Regarding themselves as Middlemarch institutions, they were ready to combine against all innovators, and against non-professionals given to interference. On this ground they were both in their hearts equally averse to Mr. Bulstrode, though Dr. Minchin had never been in open hostility with him, and never differed from him without elaborate explanation to Mrs. Bulstrode, who had found that Dr. Minchin alone understood her constitution. A layman who pried into the professional conduct of medical men, and was always obtruding his reforms—though he was less directly embarrassing to the two physicians than to the surgeon-apothecaries who attended paupers by contract—was nevertheless offensive to the professional nostril as such; and Dr. Minchin shared fully in the new pique against Bulstrode, excited by his apparent determination to patronize Lydgate. The long-established practitioners, Mr. Wrench and Mr. Toller, were just now standing apart and having a friendly colloquy, in which they agreed that Lydgate was a jackanapes, just made to serve Bulstrode's purpose. To non-medical friends they had already concurred in praising the other young practitioner, who had come into the town on Mr. Peacock's retirement without further recommendation than his own merits and such argument for solid professional acquirement as might be gathered from his having apparently wasted no time on other branches of knowledge. It was clear that Lydgate, by not dispensing drugs, intended to cast imputations on his equals, and also to obscure the limit between his own rank as a general practitioner and that of the physicians, who, in the interest of the profession, felt bound to maintain its various grades. Especially against a man who had not been to either of the English universities, and enjoyed the absence of anatomical and bedside study there, but came with a libelous pretension to experience in Edinburgh and Paris, where observation might be abundant indeed, but hardly sound.

Thus it happened that on this occasion Bulstrode became identified with Lydgate, and Lydgate with Tyke; and owing to this variety of interchangeable names for the chaplaincy question, diverse minds were enabled to form the same judgment concerning it.

Dr. Sprague said at once bluntly to the group assembled when he entered: "I go for Farebrother. A salary, with all my heart. But why take it from the Vicar? He has none too much—has to insure his life, besides keeping house, and doing a vicar's charities. Put forty pounds in his pocket and you'll do no harm. He's a good fellow, is Farebrother, with as little of the parson about him as will serve to carry orders."

"Ho, ho! Doctor," said old Mr. Powderell, a retired iron-monger of some standing—his interjection being something between a laugh and a Parliamentary disapproval. "We must let you have your say. But what we have to consider is not any body's income—it's the souls of the poor sick people"—here Mr. Powderell's voice and face had a sincere pathos in them. "He is a real Gospel preacher, is Mr. Tyke. I should vote against my conscience if I voted against Mr. Tyke—I should indeed."

"Mr. Tyke's opponents have not asked any one to vote against his conscience, I believe," said Mr. Hackbutt, a rich tanner of fluent speech, whose glittering spectacles and erect hair were turned with some severity toward innocent Mr. Powderell. "But in my judgment it behooves us as directors to consider whether we will regard it as our whole business to carry out propositions emanating from a single quarter. Will any member of the committee aver that he would have entertained the idea of displacing the gentleman who has always discharged the function of chaplain here, if it had not been suggested to him by parties whose disposition it is to regard every institution of this town as a machinery for carrying out their own views? I tax no man's motives: let them lie between himself and a higher Power; but I do say that there are influences at work here which are incompatible with genuine independence, and that a crawling servility is usually dictated by circumstances which gentlemen so conducting themselves could not afford either morally or financially to avow. I myself am a layman, but I have given no inconsiderable attentions to the division in the Church and—"

"Oh, damn the divisions!" burst in Mr. Frank Hawley, lawyer and town-clerk, who rarely presented himself at the board, but now looked in hurriedly, whip in hand. "We have nothing to do with them here. Farebrother has been doing the work—what there was—without pay, and if pay is to be given, it should be given to him. I call it a confounded job to take the thing away from Farebrother."

"I think it would be as well for gentlemen not to give their remarks a personal bearing," said Mr. Plymdale. "I shall vote for the appointment of Mr. Tyke, but I shouldn't have known, if Mr. Hackbutt hadn't hinted it, that I was a Servile Crawler."

"I disclaim any personalities. I expressly said, if I may be allowed to repeat, or even to conclude what I was about to say—"

"Ah, here's Minchin!" said Mr. Frank Hawley; at which every body turned away from Mr. Hackbutt, leaving him to feel the uselessness of superior gifts in Middlemarch. "Come, Doctor, I must have you on the right side, eh?"

"I hope so," said Dr. Minchin, nodding and shaking hands here and there. "At whatever cost to my feelings."

"If there's any feeling here, it should be feeling for the man who is turned out, I think," said Mr. Frank Hawley.

"I confess I have feelings on the other side also. I have a divided esteem," said Dr. Minchin, rubbing his hands. "I consider Mr. Tyke an exemplary man—none more so—and I believe him to be proposed from unimpeachable motives. I, for my part, wish that I could give him my vote. But I am constrained to take a view of the case which gives the preponderance to Mr. Farebrother's claims. He is an amiable man, an able preacher, and has been longer among us."

Old Mr. Powderell looked on, sad and silent. Mr. Plymdale settled his cravat, uneasily.

"You don't set up Farebrother as a pattern of what a clergyman ought to be, I hope," said Mr. Larcher, the eminent carrier, who had just come in. "I have no ill-will toward him, but I think we owe something to the public, not to speak of any thing higher, in these appointments. In my opinion Farebrother is too lax for a clergyman. I don't wish to bring up particulars against him; but he will make a little attendance here go as far as he can."

"And a devilish deal better than too much," said Mr. Hawley, whose bad language was notorious in that part of the county. "Sick people can't bear so much praying and preaching. And that methodistical sort of religion is bad for the spirits—bad for the inside? eh?" he added, turning quickly round to the four medical men who were assembled.

But any answer was dispensed with by the entrance of three gentlemen, with whom there were greetings more or less cordial. These were the Reverend Edward Thesiger, Rector of St. Peter's, Mr. Bulstrode, and our friend Mr. Brooke of Tipton, who had lately allowed himself to be put on the board of directors in his turn, but had never before attended, his attendance now being due to Mr. Bulstrode's exertions. Lydgate was the only person still expected.

Every one now sat down, Mr. Bulstrode presiding, pale and self-restrained as usual. Mr. Thesiger, a moderate evangelical, wished for the appointment of his friend Mr. Tyke, a zealous, able man, who, officiating at a chapel of ease, had not a cure of souls too extensive to leave him ample time for the new duty. It was desirable that chaplaincies of this kind should be entered on with a fervent intention: they were peculiar opportunities for spiritual influence; and while it was good that a salary should be allotted, there was the more need for scrupulous watching lest the office should be perverted into a mere question of salary. Mr. Thesiger's manner had so much quiet propriety that objectors could only simmer in silence.

Mr. Brooke believed that every body meant well in the matter. He had not himself attended to the affairs of the Infirmary, though he had a strong interest in whatever was for the benefit of Middlemarch, and was most happy to meet the gentlemen present on any public question—"any public question, you know," Mr. Brooke repeated, with his nod of perfect understanding. "I am a good deal occupied as a magistrate, and in the collection of documentary evidence, but I regard my time as being at the disposal of the public—and, in short, my friends have convinced me that a chaplain with a salary—a salary, you know—is a very good thing, and I am happy to be able to come here and vote for the appointment of Mr. Tyke, who, I understand, is an unexceptionable man, apostolic and eloquent and every thing of that kind—and I am the last man to withhold my vote—under the circumstances, you know."

"It seems to me that you have been crammed with one side of the question, Mr. Brooke," said Mr. Frank Hawley, who was afraid of nobody, and was a Tory suspicious of electioneering intentions. "You don't seem to know that one of the worthiest men we have has been doing duty as chaplain here for years without pay, and that Mr. Tyke is proposed to supersede him."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hawley," said Mr. Bulstrode. "Mr. Brooke has been fully informed of Mr. Farebrother's character and position."

"By his enemies," flashed out Mr. Hawley.

"I trust there is no personal hostility concerned here," said Mr. Thesiger.

"I'll swear there is, though," retorted Mr. Hawley.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bulstrode, in a subdued tone, "the merits of the question may be very briefly stated, and if any one present doubts that every gentleman who is about to give his vote has not been fully informed, I can now recapitulate the considerations that should weigh on either side."

"I don't see the good of that," said Mr. Hawley. "I suppose we all know whom we mean to vote for. Any man who wants to do justice does not wait till the last minute to hear both sides of the question. I have no time to lose, and I propose that the matter be put to the vote at once."

A brief but still hot discussion followed before each person wrote "Tyke" or "Farebrother" on a piece of paper and slipped it into a glass tumbler; and in the mean time Mr. Bulstrode saw Lydgate enter.

"I perceive that the votes are equally divided at present," said Mr. Bulstrode, in a clear, biting voice. Then, looking up at Lydgate:

"There is a casting vote still to be given. It is yours, Mr. Lydgate: will you be good enough to write?"

"The thing is settled now," said Mr. Wrench, rising. "We all know how Mr. Lydgate will vote."

"You seem to speak with some peculiar meaning, Sir," said Lydgate, rather defiantly, and keeping his pencil suspended.

"I merely mean that you are expected to vote with Mr. Bulstrode. Do you regard that meaning as offensive?"

"It may be offensive to others. But I shall not desist from voting with him on that account."

Lydgate immediately wrote down "Tyke."

So the Rev. Walter Tyke became chaplain to the Infirmary, and Lydgate continued to work with Mr. Bulstrode. He was really uncertain whether Tyke were not the more suitable candidate, and yet his consciousness told him that if he had been quite free from indirect bias he should have voted for Mr. Farebrother. The affair of the chaplaincy remained a sore point in his memory as a case in which this petty medium of Middlemarch had been too strong for him. How could a man be satisfied with a decision between such alternatives and under such circumstances? No more than he can be satisfied with his hat which he has chosen from among such shapes as the resources of the age offer him, wearing it at best with a resignation which is chiefly supported by comparison.

But Mr. Farebrother met him with the same friendliness as before. The character of the publican and sinner is not always practically incompatible with that of the modern Pharisee, for the majority of us scarcely see more distinctly the faultiness of our own conduct than the faultiness of our own arguments, or the dullness of our own jokes. But the Vicar of St. Botolph's had certainly escaped the slightest tincture of the Pharisee, and by dint of admitting to himself that he was too much as other men were, he had become remarkably unlike them in this—that he could excuse others for thinking slightly of him, and could judge impartially of their conduct even when it told against him.

"The world has been too strong for *me*, I know," he said one day to Lydgate. "But then I am not a mighty man—I shall never be a man of renown. The choice of Hercules is a pretty fable; but Prodicus makes it easy work for the hero, as if the first resolves were enough. Another story says that he came to hold the distaff, and at last wore the Nessus shirt. I suppose one good resolve might keep a man right if every body else's resolve helped him."

The Vicar's talk was not always inspiriting: he had escaped being a Pharisee, but he had not escaped that low estimate of possibilities which we rather hastily arrive at as an inference from our own failure. Lydgate thought that there was a pitiable infirmity of will in Mr. Farebrother.

CHAPTER XIX.

"L'altra vedete ch'ha fatto alla guancia
Della sua palma, sospirando, letto."
—*Purgatorio*, vii.

When George the Fourth was still reigning over the privacies of Windsor, when the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister, and Mr. Vincy was mayor of the old corporation in Middlemarch, Mrs. Casaubon, born Dorothea Brooke, had taken her wedding journey to Rome. In those days the world in general was more ignorant of good and evil by forty years than it is at present. Travelers did not often carry full information on Christian art either in their heads or their pockets; and even the most brilliant English critic of the day mistook the flower-flushed tomb of the ascended Virgin for an ornamental vase due to the painter's fancy. Romanticism, which has helped to fill some dull blanks with love and knowledge, had not yet penetrated the times with its leaven and entered into every body's food; it was fermenting still as a distinguishable vigorous enthusiasm in certain long-haired German artists at Rome, and the youth of other nations who worked or idled near them were sometimes caught in the spreading movement.

One fine morning a young man whose hair was not immoderately long, but abundant and curly, and who was otherwise English in his equipment, had just turned his back on the Belvedere Torso in the Vatican, and was looking out on the magnificent view of the mountains from the adjoining round vestibule. He was sufficiently absorbed not to notice the approach of a dark-eyed, animated German who came up to him and, placing a hand on his shoulder, said, with a strong accent, "Come here, quick! else she will have changed her pose."

Quickness was ready at the call, and the two figures passed lightly along by the Meleager to-

ward the hall where the reclining Ariadne, then called the Cleopatra, lies in the marble voluptuousness of her beauty, the drapery folding around her with a petal-like ease and tenderness. They were just in time to see another figure standing against a pedestal near the reclining marble—a breathing, blooming girl, whose form, not shamed by the Ariadne, was clad in Quakerish gray drapery; her long cloak, fastened at the neck, was thrown backward from her arms, and one beautiful ungloved hand pillowed her cheek, pushing somewhat backward the white beaver bonnet which made a sort of halo to her face around the simply braided dark brown hair. She was not looking at the sculpture, probably not thinking of it: her large eyes were fixed dreamily on a streak of sunlight which fell across the floor. But she became conscious of the two strangers who suddenly paused as if to contemplate the Cleopatra, and, without looking at them, immediately turned away to join a maid-servant and courier who were loitering along the hall at a little distance off.

"What do you think of that for a fine bit of antithesis?" said the German, searching in his friend's face for responding admiration, but going on volubly without waiting for any other answer. "There lies antique beauty, not corpse-like even in death, but arrested in the complete contentment of its sensuous perfection; and here stands beauty in its breathing life, with the consciousness of Christian centuries in its bosom. But she should be dressed as a nun; I think she looks almost what you call a Quaker; I would dress her as a nun in my picture. However, she is married; I saw her wedding-ring on that wonderful left hand, otherwise I should have thought the sallow *Geistlicher* was her father. I saw him parting from her a good while ago, and just now I found her in that magnificent pose. Only think! he is perhaps rich, and would like to have her portrait taken. Ah! it is no use looking after her—there she goes! Let us follow her home!"

"No, no," said his companion, with a little frown.

"You are singular, Ladislaw. You look struck together. Do you know her?"

"I know that she is married to my cousin," said Will Ladislaw, sauntering down the hall with a preoccupied air, while his German friend kept at his side and watched him eagerly.

"What, the *Geistlicher?* He looks more like an uncle—a more useful sort of relation."

"He is not my uncle. I tell you he is my second cousin," said Ladislaw, with some irritation.

"Schön, schön. Don't be snappish. You are not angry with me for thinking Mistress Second-Cousin the most perfect young Madonna I ever saw?"

"Angry? nonsense. I have only seen her once before, for a couple of minutes, when my cousin introduced her to me, just before I left England. They were not married then. I didn't know they were coming to Rome."

"But you will go to see them now—you will find out what they have for an address—since you know the name. Shall we go to the post? And you could speak about the portrait."

"Confound you, Naumann! I don't know what I shall do. I am not so brazen as you."

"Bah! that is because you are dilettantish and amateurish. If you were an artist, you would think of Mistress Second-Cousin as antique form animated by Christian sentiment—a sort of Christian Antigone—sensuous force controlled by spiritual passion."

"Yes, and that your painting her was the chief outcome of her existence—the divinity passing into higher completeness and all but exhausted in the act of covering your bit of canvas. I am amateurish, if you like: I do *not* think that all the universe is straining toward the obscure significance of your pictures."

"But it is, my dear!—so far as it is straining through me, Adolf Naumann: that stands firm," said the good-natured painter, putting a hand on Ladislaw's shoulder, and not in the least disturbed by the unaccountable touch of ill humor in his tone. "See now! My existence presupposes the existence of the whole universe—does it *not?* and my function is to paint—and as a painter I have a conception, which is altogether *genialisch*, of your great-aunt or second grandmother as a subject for a picture; therefore the universe is straining toward that picture through that particular hook or claw which it puts forth in the shape of me—not true?"

"But how if another claw in the shape of me is straining to thwart it?—the case is a little less simple then."

"Not at all: the result of the struggle is the same thing—picture or no picture—logically." Will could not resist this imperturbable temper, and the cloud in his face broke into sunshiny laughter.

"Come now, my friend—you will help?" said Naumann, in a hopeful tone.

"No; nonsense, Naumann! English ladies are not at every body's service as models. And you want to express too much with your painting. You would only have made a better or worse portrait with a background which every connoisseur would give a different reason for or against. And what is the portrait of a woman? Your painting and Plastik are poor stuff, after all. They perturb and dull conceptions instead of raising them. Language is a finer medium."

"Yes, for those who can't paint," said Naumann. "There you have perfect right. I did not recommend you to paint, my friend."

The amiable artist carried his sting, but Ladislaw did not choose to appear stung. He went on as if he had not heard:

"Language gives a fuller image, which is all the better for being vague. After all, the true seeing is within; and painting stares at you with an insistent imperfection. I feel that especially about representations of women. As if a woman were a mere colored superficies! You must wait for movement and tone. There is a difference in their very breathing: they change from moment to moment.—This woman whom you have just seen, for example: how would you paint her voice, pray? But her voice is much diviner than any thing you have seen of her."

"I see, I see. You are jealous. No man must presume to think that he can paint your ideal. This is serious, my friend! Your great-aunt! 'Der Neffe als Onkel' in a tragic sense—*ungeheuer!*"

"You and I shall quarrel, Naumann, if you call that lady my aunt again."

"How is she to be called, then?"

"Mrs. Casaubon."

"Good. Suppose I get acquainted with her in spite of you, and find that she very much wishes to be painted?"

"Yes, suppose!" said Will Ladislaw, in a contemptuous under-tone, intended to dismiss the subject. He was conscious of being irritated by ridiculously small causes, which were half of his own creation. Why was he making any fuss about Mrs. Casaubon? And yet he felt as if something had happened to him with regard to her. There are characters which are continually creating collisions and nodes for themselves in dramas which nobody is prepared to act with them. Their susceptibilities will clash against objects that remain innocently quiet.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN INDIA.

AN incident of the scientific expedition sent by the British government to Southern India to make observations of the eclipse of the sun on December 12 is graphically represented in the illustration on page 172.

It took place outside a picturesque old fort at Bekul while the sun was darkened. A large number of alarmed, superstitious, but still curious natives gathered around the tower, anxious to learn what their European masters were doing with the big telescopes pointed at the sky. But nobody was allowed to intrude, and the operation was performed without hinderance or disturbance. There was one moment, indeed, when the terrified people, in their alarm at the mysterious affliction which had befallen the sun, were preparing to kindle a fire of brush-wood for a propitiatory sacrifice. This would have caused a smoke fatal to the astronomical observation; but the police were ordered to stop the attempted fire-lighting, and the docile natives obeyed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body knows, as a matter of fact, that watches and purses are in constant danger amidst the hustling crowds of our great cities; but people grow secure and careless quickly, unless frequent reminders are given. Almost every resident in this city has had some personal experience in this matter. We do not refer to those violent assaults, of late so fearfully frequent, in which pistols and clubs are used to obtain valuables, but to the more secret work of the pick-pocket. Many of our readers can recall the amazement and chagrin with which they have felt for watch or pocket-book, only to find it missing. Where? when? and how? are the rapid thought-questions. And all you can remember is that you were jostled by some rude occupants of the platform as you went out of the car, or that some one sat uncomfortably near you in the crowded omnibus. Happy they to whom one such experience is an all-sufficient lesson! A cluster of men crowding together with no apparent reason usually means mischief. Conspicuous gold chains and other jewelry make a man a mark for villains. The less money one carries about him, the better and safer it is. A lady's dress pocket is easily accessible to a skillful pickpocket, and she is wise who carries little in it. Where ladies *can* safely carry their purses is a problem which each one must solve for herself. But there is no doubt that constant watchfulness is necessary in public places, if we would not be robbed. It is a pity if this makes us generally suspicious, but really there seems to be no other way to protect ourselves.

"L'Aida," a new opera by Verdi, was recently brought out at Cairo, Egypt. It seems that the Viceroy of Egypt has become a protector of the fine arts. Several eminent Italian painters have received commissions from him for large pictures, and the services of skillful musicians have been sought. Verdi composed "L'Aida" at the request of the viceroy. The plot is taken from Egyptian history, and the scene is laid in Egypt. The opera was enthusiastically received in Cairo, the execution of all the singers being careful and artistic.

From September 1, 1871, to January 18, 1872, two thousand persons died of small-pox in Philadelphia alone. Too much care can not be taken to prevent the spread of this loathsome disease. Vaccination should always be performed in infancy, and be repeated certainly as soon as the age of fifteen. Many physicians, who are peculiarly exposed to contagion, are vaccinated every year. One person is often much more susceptible to the disease than another.

An English paper remarks: "A change in the head of the government every four years may suit the constitution of the tall American pine, but would not be so favorable for the broad British oak. The reigns of only ten sovereigns covered more than four centuries, the aggregate of the following reigns being 403 years: Henry I., 36; Henry II., 35; Henry III., 56; Edward I., 35; Edward III., 50; Henry VI., 39; Henry VIII., 38; Elizabeth, 45; George II., 34; George III., 60. Queen Victoria will have reigned thirty-five years at the next anniversary of her accession."

A company has been formed to bring water into the city of Bangor, Maine, from a couple of spring-fed lakes eight or ten miles distant. The citizens have suffered great inconvenience from a lack of pure water, and this is said to be of the very best quality.

Paper houses are one of the novelties of the time. They are said to be as warm and as durable as houses built in the ordinary way, and much cheaper. The frame, doors, and floors are of wood; the paper with which the frame is covered on the outside is heavy and compact, and made more substantial by being covered with a mineral paint or cement. The inside walls and ceilings are covered with another kind of paper. If this sort of house can be rendered fire-proof, it may become popular.

. The remains of the late General Robert Anderson, the "hero of Sumter," have been temporarily deposited in the Second Avenue Cemetery until they can be placed in the vault which is being prepared at West Point.

Punch gives some "minor morals for married people" which are worthy to be preserved and studied:

"'The last word' is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle to get possession of a bomb-shell.

"Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

"The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies—like husbands—from flying off into space.

"The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul 'above buttons.'"

Not long since a report was abroad that two diamonds had been found in South Africa weighing one thousand carats each. This is, to say the least, a very improbable story. The "Koh-i-noor," even when it first became the property of the British crown, weighed only 186 carats. The "Regent," which glittered in Napoleon Bonaparte's sword of state, weighed, before cutting, 410 carats. The "Star of the South" weighed in its rough state 254 carats. A diamond in Borneo, belonging to the Sultan of Matan, weighs 367 carats. The weight of the "Orloff" diamond, purchased by Catherine of Russia, is 195 carats. The "Austrian" gem weighs only 139 carats. A diamond weighing one thousand carats would be of almost priceless value.

A distinguished physician of New York city states that one-third of all the deaths in the city are the direct or indirect results of the use of alcoholic drinks.

The citizens of Montclair, New Jersey, have shown their enterprise and intelligence by opening a reading-room, which is free to all who choose to avail themselves of its privileges. The movement is not connected with any church or religious organization, but is to be supported by the voluntary contributions of citizens and visitors. The principal newspapers and periodicals of the day are kept on file.

Pope Pius thus explains the idea he has of his "captivity:" "I am not a prisoner in the ordinary sense of the word. I have neither a warden in my prison nor guards at my gates. But I am morally imprisoned, for it would be impossible for me to go out without my person and my dignity being offended."

Jeddo Hotel, at Yokohama, is to be closed—so says rumor—and the building to be used henceforth for a Japanese school.

Some curious facts are developed by an investigation of the census records. For example: The number of patents issued to the inhabitants of Arkansas was one to every 37,267 persons, while in Connecticut there was one patent issued to every 966 persons. In Arkansas there are sixteen adults unable to write to every one hundred inhabitants; in Connecticut there are four adults unable to write to every one hundred inhabitants. In Arkansas the receipts of internal revenue are twenty-six cents and nine mills per capita; in Connecticut the receipts are $2 54 per capita. In Arkansas there resulted during the last year to the Post-office Department a loss of over forty-nine cents for each inhabitant in the State, a loss in amount almost double the internal revenue receipts from the State. In Connecticut there accrued a net profit to the Post-office Department of twenty-six cents per capita. In Massachusetts, where there are three adult illiterate persons out of every one hundred inhabitants, the excess of post-office receipts above expenditures was over $735,000.

It is curious to look over a list of the patents granted in the United States for new inventions. Running an eye over a page of these we notice, for example, a new "animal trap," which sets at naught all previous traps in its unique construction; a "self-operating gate," which, dispensing with the necessity of the operator descending from his carriage, must be the delight of all country travelers; a "machine for blacking boots and shoes," which must be viewed with fear and trembling by all the little urchins who make a living by "shining" boots in the ordinary way; an "apparatus for supporting and lowering coffins," designed to take the place of the awkward contrivances usually employed at funerals—and so on to the end of the chapter, leaving on the mind the impression that there must remain to be discovered "nothing new under the sun."

Modern French officers do not pay that regard to their regimentals which was common a generation ago. White gloves are discarded, trowsers are made of different patterns, as suits the taste of the wearer: some strut about with wide-open tunics; others display an ostentatious amount of white collar and wristband, and are careless in giving salutes to superiors.

St. Petersburg is preparing an exhibition of the jewels of the Russian crown, which will be magnificent. First in beauty comes the great "Orloff" diamond, which surmounts the sceptre. Like the "Koh-i-noor," it is one of the royal jewels of the East, but the error of making it a brilliant has been avoided by the Russian lapidaries, and its weight is thus preserved, while the English jewel has lost more than half its original value. The "Polar Star" is a diamond of exquisite beauty, once belonging to the Shah of Persia. It cost the Emperor Paul one hundred thousand rubles. The imperial crown is a dome of diamonds, whose dazzling whiteness is relieved by an enormous ruby and a priceless sapphire. The coronet of the empress is of exquisite form, composed entirely of diamonds of equal size and lustre, a marvel of beauty and skillful workmanship. The costly jewels to be worn on state occasions are innumerable. Persia, India, and Turkey have added to this hoard, which is guarded night and day by sentries in the Winter Palace. The present emperor is said to be partial to the crystals of his own Siberian mines.

The library of the British Museum was established in 1753 with 50,000 volumes. To this was added "the Cottonian Collection," and later another splendid collection came by bequest of the Right Hon. George Grenville. About 16,000 volumes, many of them valuable scientific works, were the gift of Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, and the magnificent libraries of George the Third were presented by his son. More than half the books in the British Museum were the gift of departed benefactors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PIOUS but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproach: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections, instead of which you go prowling around the country stealing ducks."

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

A full-bearded young grandfather recently shaved, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner-table his little granddaughter noticed it, "gazed with wondering eye," and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

A SEAMSTRESS'S EXCLAMATION—A-hem!

A Scotch minister recently told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor. "Aw, nae," said he; "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A young man who had become smitten with a South-western beauty, who was the daughter of a blooming widow, after a protracted courtship plucked up sufficient courage to propose, when the damsel replied, "I should be glad to accommodate you were I not already engaged; but ma wishes to marry, and I think she is just now without an engagement." The young man left for his childhood's home.

Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her from a *bunch*, giving as a reason that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

"Our children will have immense tax on their hands," said a gentleman. "Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady: "what a blessing we have nails on ours!"

THE FASTEST CITY IN THE WORLD—Electri-city.

Ah Sing and Ah Sin have been at law in San Francisco about the sale of a wife. The matter has been referred to Ah Bitration.

South Africa is not generally considered a healthy region; but some of the newly arrived diamond-hunters are picking up wonderfully.

There is a letter held for postage in the Evansville (Illinois) post-office bearing the following inscription:

"Charles Augustus, the web-footed scrub,
To whom this letter must go,
Is chopping cord-wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

Satire should be not like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, and not mangle.

Why is a man's life safest before he has had dinner? —Because he can't di-gest then.

Elopement in California is called the "Pacific slope."

"We shall not be open to-morrow," said a Parisian shop-keeper to a Yankee customer, "because to-morrow is Ascension-day." "Ah!" said the American, "can you tell me from where does the balloon go up?"

Why is a judge's nose like the middle of the earth? —Because it's the scenter of gravity.

"What's in a dress?" says a popular writer.—Sometimes a great deal, and sometimes a precious little.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of *craft* upon the land as there is upon the water.

A Fifeshire man recently took his child to the minister to be baptized, who asked him, "Are you prepared for so solemn and important an occasion?" "Prepared!" he echoed, with some indignation: "I hae a firlot o' bannock bakin', two hams, an' a gallon o' the best Highland whusky, an' I wad like to ken what better preparations ye expeck frae a man in my condition o' life?"

PARLOR MAGAZINES—Non-explosive lamps.

A foreign musical critic says, "Good musicians execute their music, the bad ones murder it."

It's a way with tailors to recommend things which are much worn when you want to buy new.

A man may be ashamed of the fashion of his nose, although he follows it.

Why are an ear of wheat and an oak similar in origin? —Because they both spring from a corn.

A tailor who in skating fell through the ice declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

PRETTY TEACHER. "Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?"

JOHNNY. "Yes, ma'am. Mother says if you don't marry our new parson, it will be a miracle."

FOND MOTHER. "John, do look at that child; it has your watch in its mouth, and will swallow it!"

JOHN (*who is a bachelor brother-in-law, and very fond of babies*). "Oh, don't be the least alarmed; I've got hold of the chain. It can't go far." (Tableau.)

A country paper recently advertised "black stockings of all colors."

Some have been thought brave because they were afraid to run away.

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

Why was Noah never hungry?—Because he had Ham with him.

Why is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf?—Why, of course, because it is so under-bred.

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon?—Because she is a cutlass.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight?—Because they are daughters of Eve.

A MID-DAY SLEEP.—[See Poem on Page 178.]

OLIVER TWIST AND THE JEW.

WE can not better describe Mr. EYTINGE'S fine picture than by quoting the scene from "Oliver Twist" which it so graphically illustrates. Master Bates and the "Artful Dodger," our readers will remember, had brought in a supply of stolen handkerchiefs, which Fagin the Jew had pronounced "very good ones indeed," but badly marked. "So the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall we, Oliver, eh?" "If you please, Sir," replied the innocent lad, who had not yet discovered that he had fallen into a vile den of thieves.

After a little game of playing pickpocket, in which the Jew played the part of a nervous old gentleman, and was dextrously robbed by the two young thieves, the latter went out on a predatory excursion, leaving old Fagin to give Oliver his first lesson in picking pockets.

"'There, my dear,' said Fagin. 'That's a pleasant life, isn't it? They have gone out for the day.'

"'Have they done work, Sir?' inquired Oliver.

"'Yes,' said the Jew; 'that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any when they are out; and they won't neglect it, if they do, my dear, depend upon it. Make 'em your models, my dear. Make 'em your models,' tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words: 'do every thing they bid you, and take their advice in all matters—especially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll be a great man himself, and will make you one too, if you take pattern by him.—Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?' said the Jew, stopping short.

"'Yes, Sir,' said Oliver.

"'See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw them do when we were at play this morning.'

"Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

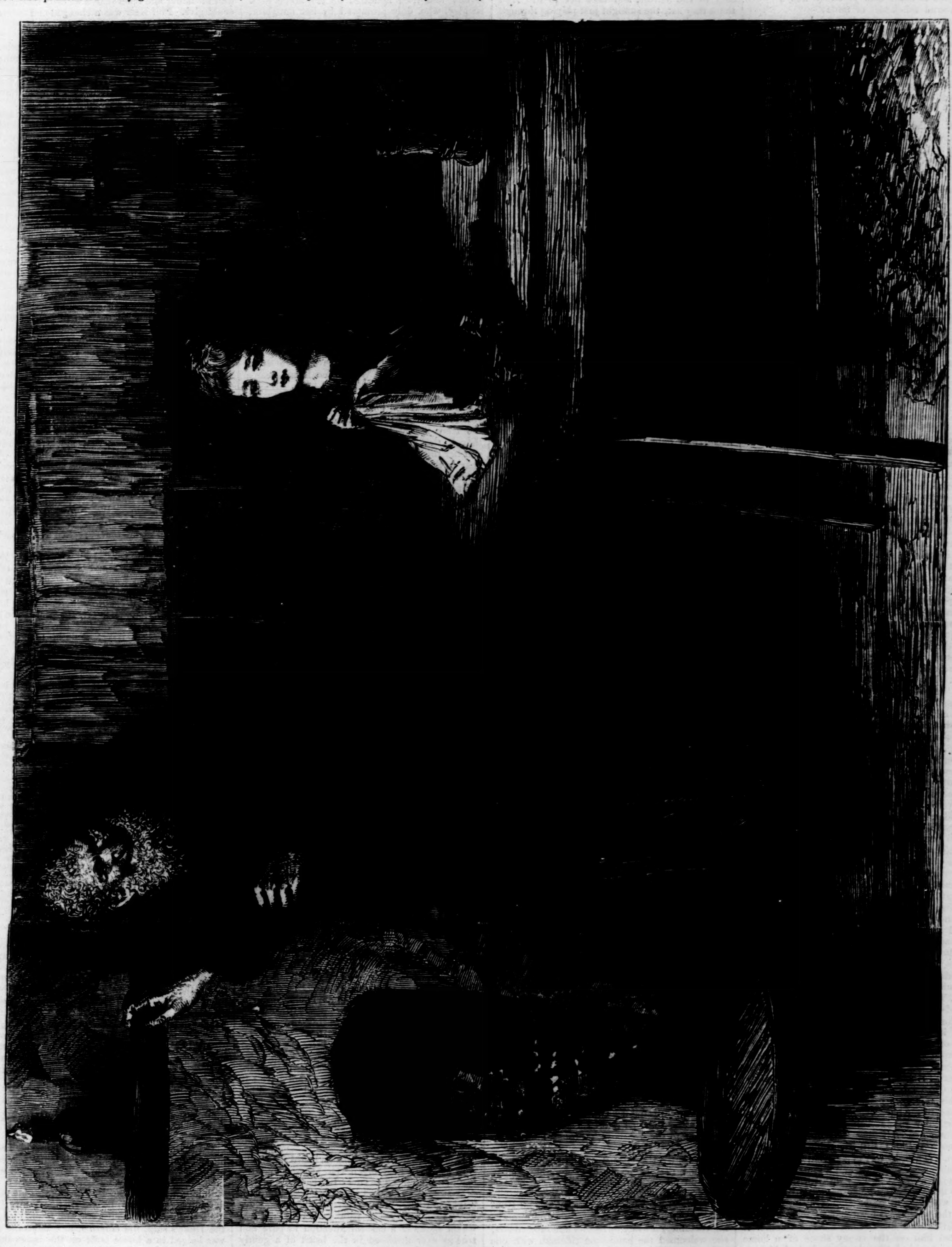
"'Is it gone?' cried the Jew.

"'Here it is, Sir,' said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"'You're a clever boy, my dear,' said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. 'I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs.'

"Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, he followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study."

The wonderful vitality of DICKENS'S novels, and the hold they have taken on the public, are evinced by the constant and increasing demand for new editions. In answer to this demand Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have commenced the publication of a "Household Edition," remarkable both for cheapness and elegance, profusely and beautifully illustrated from designs drawn expressly for it. The first volume, "Oliver Twist," has just been issued, and will be followed in quick succession by "Martin Chuzzlewit" and other novels. The elegance and cheapness of this edition will win for DICKENS new admirers in thousands of households.



OLIVER TWIST AND FAGIN THE JEW.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

A MID-DAY SLEEP.

[See Illustration on Page 176.]

Beautiful fairies, who have laid
The wand of magic by,
And in the summer noon have hushed
The music of the chords which gushed
With childhood's minstrelsy—

Whence is the charm ye deftly weave
Around this heart of mine?
I know not, save that it must be
Your souls are pure as mine would be,
And nearer the Divine.

What glory gathers on thy head,
Bewitching Eveline!
Shall I be pardon'd when I vow
Such grace as rests upon thy brow
Can ne'er before have been?

What is the purport of thy dream
Here in thine earthly home?
Is it that angels whisper thee
Of things in worlds forgot by me,
Whence thou has lately come?

And, Arthur, is thy dream to be
Like thy great namesake-king—
To scorn the base and feeble mind,
To give a hero to mankind,
And set Earth wondering?

For be the niche or great or small
Which thou art giv'n to fill,
The grandeur of the life must rise,
Not from the world's accessories,
But from the lofty will.

Sleep on, ye treasures of the heart,
Untouched by storm or clime;
Come joys which cheer or woes which grieve,
The love ye give, the love receive,
Can never pass with Time.

WON AND LOST.

"Those that will not when they may,
When they will they shall have nay."

A garden-party on the banks of the Thames: croquet and strawberries the excuse, flirtation and matrimony the object. But in all the glory of a June sunlight, the bright river glittering as it runs on to the sea, roses flinging their rich perfume on the air, soft music blending with the song of birds, the excuse and the object are sometimes forgotten, and a delicious sense of purposeless idleness and inexplicable enjoyment alone remains. At least such was the case with Philip Kerr, captain in the Royal Rifles, as, leaning against a tree, he looked at the scene around him.

What to him was the remembrance that two brothers stood between him and a title? What the apparently certain fact that his father's broad woodlands and the halls where he was born were not for him? that his only home was the head-quarters of his regiment in a garrison town, or the dining-room of the Rag and Famish? It was nothing to him at that instant that his pockets were empty, and his banking account overdrawn. Had he not irreproachable lavender kids on his hands, and, as far as he was concerned, priceless boots on his aristocratically small feet? Above all, was there not smiling on him, between her turns at croquet, the only unmarried daughter of the great City firm of Richley, Alpaca, & Co.? Not very young, and not very handsome, to be sure, but then there was a dowry of thirty thousand down, and seventy thousand to come when the senior partner should take his flight to a better world, and that surely would balance thirty years of age and a remarkably plain face.

Besides, she was well inclined to regild with her wealth some worn-out coronet; or, failing that, to attach herself as a branch grafted on to some long-descended family tree, and so enter "society" in her own right, as fourteenth cousin by marriage to a peer of the realm, rather than be admitted by sufferance of dowagers on the look-out for heiresses.

While awaiting this desirable event she kept her hand in by a series of unlimited and sentimental flirtations with every agreeable and intellectual man she met; for Theodosia Richley went in for intellect—high art, Broad-Church notions, and women's rights—and Philip being particularly agreeable and passably intellectual, and, above all, the third son of a Scotch baron, Theodosia had selected him as her present aid-de-camp and attaché. She had always the alternative, in all cases when intellect asserted its superiority and became too troublesome, of referring it to the senior partner, without whose consent, as she plaintively remarked, "I should but inflict on you a penniless wife, my dearest Henry," or Robert, or whatever might be the Christian name of the present aspirant; and this reference generally terminated in the dismissal of the agreeable and intellectual being, no particular reason being given, and the fair Theodosia gently hoping that "though things were not propitious, still friendship need not be broken." Then, by way of consolation, would arrive anonymous presents, and a sentimental correspondence would be kept up with the family; but to this stage Philip had not yet arrived.

He was content to be smiled upon, to disregard the warnings of wiser men than himself, and drift down the stream, careless whether it stranded him on the sunny shore of a home paid for by his heiress-love, or dashed him on the barren rocks of foreign service.

There were just two or three things that Philip could not do. With all his many fascinations, his perfect mustache, his talent for soothing irate tailors, his seat on horseback, and his step in the valse, he could not be angry or stern with a woman, or, indeed, with any one. He could not take any thing deeply to heart, and he could not fret or fume as to what might or might not be his destiny; and he leaned lazily against the tree and thought of nothing.

The game was ended at last, and Miss Richley came toward him.

"I am very tired, Captain Kerr," she remarked; "and the seats here are all in the sun."

It was a fair challenge, and Philip accepted it. He was a *habitué* of the house, and he knew of a shady walk: he could do no less than offer his arm to the heiress, and take her to it. And there they sat, the sunlight just playing through the branches, and the river rippling by. There was a certain luxury and ease in all this which struck Philip.

A vision came across him of the dull garrison town and the troop-ship and the foreign station; and then the contrast: a home in England, hunting and shooting, London in the season, and the moors in August; and the thought shot across him, "One word, and this may be mine." Then came a flitting thought of a fair young face, with its rose-bud blushes and its trusting look. He put it away as too costly a bargain, and turned to the woman at his side.

Now he had certainly paid great attention to Miss Richley. They had been much thrown together, and prudent relatives had implored him not to neglect so golden an opportunity, and here it was at once. He had but to speak, and dare his fate. As well finish the matter now. Poor little Louie! well, no doubt she would find a better fellow than he was; and so his resolution was taken.

Truth to tell, Theodosia was expecting an offer from him every moment. It was no new position to her, and her heart was too well arranged under her tightly laced silk bodice to indulge in fluttering. She has gone through the same thing some fifty-one times before; yet today she is puzzled. "Philip dear" is the handsomest darling she has ever seen, except those Italian loves, the *guardia nobile*, and *they* are useless; and then his father is a baron, who married a Lady Alice Somebody, and his second brother is a clergyman, who married the widow of a dean, who was the daughter of an archbishop. Yes, dear Philip is on all sides so well connected; yet Theodosia *was* puzzled. A friend had only that day spoken to her of a Scotch baronet who desired an introduction, and then she would be a lady, if not in her own right, at least in right of her husband.

Yet the friend had said Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor had red hair, splay feet, and an irritable temper; and dear Philip was so good-looking, and with such a sweet disposition; so what between Philip's charms and her own indecision, she listened when he spoke of his "devoted love" with a pleased smile, and he felt that the day was won, and that they were engaged.

No, not engaged.

She was too good a daughter for that—not engaged till she had spoken to her dear papa, and smoothed the way for Philip to appeal to him for his paternal blessing. Phil would have dispensed with the blessing if the settlements had been all right without it, but he had no choice; he tried to throw a lover-like ardor into his voice as he said, "Do not keep me too long in the agonies of suspense, dearest!" but he felt a certain sense of relief in the fact that, not being formally accepted, he could not be expected to imprint a kiss on his fair one's cheek. There was not much of a rose-bud blush, and a good deal of *poudre de riz* there, and it looked dusty, to say the least.

Miss Richley had a strict sense of propriety, or rather a desire to avoid its being known to the world at large how far matters had gone in any little affair of this kind, therefore Phil was not called upon for any display of devotion; and when he put his heiress in the carriage which was to convey her back to the mansion in Marquis Square, where the family resided during the season, the farewell on either side was so studiously courteous and commonplace that the acutest of chaperons could not have detected any thing particular.

Phil chartered a hansom, lighted a cigar, and drove back to London, pondering on his present position, and wondering lazily how it would all turn out; but as he dismissed his vehicle at the club door a woman offered him roses for sale. He stopped, and a shade came over his handsome *insouciant* face as he gave her a sixpence and took a pale tea-rose from her stock.

"I wish I was a rich man for your sake, darling," was the thought that flashed across his mind; but the Rose-bud to whom that thought was dedicated was far away across the seas, and Phil dismissed the passing cloud, and went up the steps humming a gay air.

Next morning, however, his courage slightly failed him, when he went to his necessary interview with the senior partner. If he did not succeed, he would probably have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy; and if he did— But the life that such success entailed offered a prospect not too agreeable to the well-born, thorough-bred Philip Kerr.

Apparently the visions of the night had not presented the Scotch baronet, red hair, splay feet, and all, in too delightful a view to Miss Theodosia Richley; "besides," as she mentally observed, "after all, dearest Philip was an Honorable." So, dressed in a most elaborate morning costume, all white furbelows and blue ribbon, she welcomed the handsome rifleman with one of her most fascinating smiles.

Mr. Richley, though only a shop-keeper, was at heart a true gentleman; his daughter's welfare and happiness were his first consideration.

"Let her future husband," he often said, "be a gentleman, and, above all, a good man, and I'll find the money for a house and home such as she has always been accustomed to."

Under these circumstances Phil's honest acknowledgment that he had nothing to offer in the way of settlement was no bar to his prospects. His handsome face, his kindly, genial manner, won Mr. Richley's heart, and the acute old tradesman read his character truly. If he had no very strong points about him, at least he had no very weak ones. His virtues and vices were all of the negative order, except that he possessed a splendid temper.

The paternal consent and blessing were soon given; and then appeared on the scene Mrs. Richley, who, duly prompted by her daughter, added her blessing and congratulations, till Phil felt he could do no less than kiss his bride elect in a most calm and decorous way, in full view (as was proper) of her loving parents.

Moreover, he was invited to take up his abode there for the remaining fortnight of his leave; and in a good or evil hour, as it may seem to each individual reader, he accepted. The luxurious establishment in Marquis Square suited not only Phil's notions of comfort better than his third-floor bedroom and his club dinner, but also the state of his pockets. Rooms and dinner were gratis in Marquis Square; that was a great point. All went well for a few days, till the arrival of some country cousins, who, being newly married, expected to see every couple of lovers as demonstrative as they were themselves. Phil did not do enough kissing to please them; he did not squeeze his fair one's hand in corners; and he made himself generally agreeable without seeking perpetual tête-à-têtes with his *fiancée*.

"My dear Theodosia," observed Mrs. Russell, one evening, on their return from the opera, whither Phil had escorted them, "I suppose it is not the fashion; but really, now, if my William in our courting days had not put his arm round my waist as we drove in a carriage, and in the dark, too, I should have been seriously uneasy."

Another time it was, "Dearest, how very odd that Captain Kerr never seems to care to be alone with you! My William could not bear a third person in the room!"

Theodosia might have disregarded this, but her own sense told her that Phil was not a devoted lover; and though the congratulations of the Kerr family had been most enthusiastic, though they had mentally adopted Theodosia and her thirty thousand as a daughter and sister dear to their aristocratic hearts, yet there were sundry outlying members who preserved the right to opinions of their own, and would have preferred Phil's bride being considerably younger and very much prettier, even if her pockets were not so well lined.

Now this heresy against the right divine of gold Theodosia secretly resented, and again she had visions of the baronet, and thought that "Lady M'Gregor" sounded quite as well as, or better than, the "Hon. Mrs. Kerr." In short, having landed her fish, Theodosia was getting weary of it.

The pleasure to her was in the catching, not the keeping, and Phil was far too secure and careless to please her.

Courteous and gentlemanly he could not fail to be, but he was no actor. He could not assume a virtue he had not; and he could not look impassioned, and he could not speak poetically, when he was feeling peculiarly cool and indifferent.

So the time went on, till, on the morning that he was to leave, it was Mrs., not Miss Richley, who greeted him on his entrance to the library.

"It is a very painful task, Captain Kerr, that is imposed upon me, but I have no resource," were her opening words. "I can not control my daughter's feelings; indeed in this instance I quite coincide in them; so does her father. We all feel that there does not exist between you the love which alone can render marriage a state of blessing, and it is better at once to end this hastily formed engagement."

Phil stared, but said nothing.

Mrs. Richley, having applied a filmy pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, went on:

"Do not answer me, Captain Kerr" (Phil, by-the-way, had not attempted it). "This decision is final; yet, as an interview with my daughter would be very painful to her and useless to yourself, I must beg you will at once leave the house without urging it."

What could Phil say? A certain sense of relief, too, flashed over his mind. He simply bowed, expressed his thanks for the hospitality and kindness he had received, his regret at the sudden end, he must observe, unexplained termination of his engagement, and requested that a cab might be called to transport himself and his portmanteau to the club.

So ended Phil's dream of an heiress. Yet that heartless young man was actually heard to whistle "A te o cara!" as he drove away from Marquis Square; and Mrs. Richley would have felt herself more than ever justified had she read his thoughts: "Free, even if a beggar. Rose-bud, I may think of you lovingly now."

Phil did not lament when he found next morning that sudden orders had come for the regiment to sail for Canada.

One week later and he was on board the troop-ship as it steamed down the Mersey, and the band struck up "The Girl I left behind me." A dear sweet face seemed to hover before him with bright soft eyes, not cast up and down and sideways like Theodosia's pale gray orbs, but yet which spoke of a bashful affection as pure and true as ever throbbed in the heart of a gently born English maiden.

Yes, the hackneyed old tune carried his thoughts away to a by-gone time and a Southern land, and Phil Kerr came to the conclusion that he was, as he himself would have expressed it, "a brute," and that he had been "a big fool."

Phil was the only patient passenger on board; for, strange to say, he had begun to think, and seriously too. Perhaps the bracing sea-air affected his very easy-going ideas on many subjects; perhaps it was that he had nothing to do but to smoke, play whist, and think; but certain it is that the gallant, self-satisfied, and careless Phil began to think his honorable self but doubtfully worthy of that true love.

It might be, too, that the last month had shown him more of his better nature than he ever knew before; that love was as necessary to his happiness as gold; and that a future yet lay before him far holier and truer than a wealthy marriage could give. Phil Kerr was a changed and better man.

A year has passed before we see him again, and now it is in the capital of the world—Rome; a salon in the Hôtel Costanzi, a scent of orange blossoms, and a lady and gentleman breaking the seals of their English letters: Philip and his bride the Rose-bud.

A sad and fatal boat accident had ended the lives of his two elder brothers, his father had died of a broken heart for the loss of "his bonny boys," and Philip Lord Kerr had resigned his commission and hastened to Florence, where Rosie Amherst lived with her brave old soldier-father and her gentle mother.

He wooed and won the Rose-bud of his dreams, and there was no complaint this time of a want of lover-like ardor; and now they sat side by side, in an attitude good Mrs. Russell would have highly approved of, reading their letters.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Phil, "Rosie, look here. You know I told you that I was always getting anonymous presents after that foolish affair was broken off—you know what affair, don't you, dear?"

Phil here twisted his mustache, after the fashion of embarrassed Englishmen in general who possess such an appendage.

"I know all about it. You were a very naughty boy to think of selling yourself for gold. I only wonder you did not go behind the counter to qualify yourself for a junior partner—Richley, Alpaca, Kerr, & Co.! How very distinguished it would have sounded!"

Rosie met her justly merited punishment for this bit of sarcasm, and a reconciliation having been established, which included sundry pulls of Phil's chestnut locks, that much-tried individual continued:

"Well, then, Rose-bud, after that sad accident I had a letter from old Mrs. Richley, asking me to stay there when I returned to England. I came off so hurriedly that I never answered; and then, you see, I started for Florence."

"I know all about *that*," replied Rosie, nodding her head *à la* Burleigh.

"Now, you see, pet," Phil went on, "the paragraph in the *Times* and *Morning Post* can not be published in England till to-day; but it is more than a fortnight since I wrote to my agent, giving him my address here, and he has forwarded the letter. Read it, Rosie, will you?"

Rosie took the letter. The perfume of patchouly clung about it yet, and the monogram was gorgeous in green and mauve and gold. An irresistible smile broke over her bright young face as she read it.

"My dear Philip,—or rather, I suppose I must forget the past and call you Lord Kerr—I do indeed congratulate you on your new honors, and they could fall to no one more worthy. Your extended views of life, your liberal ideas on every point, render you peculiarly fitted to hold a high place in this age of progress.

"My father too has met with unexampled success since we parted, and nearly doubled his fortune. But what is wealth to me? It is intellect I look for, and that I found in you.

"After you left I refused Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor. He had persevered for some months, but in vain. Could I bury myself in that Highland castle with his dreadful sisters (three confirmed spinsters), and his dogs and horses? No. Though he offered magnificent settlements, what were they to me? Nothing to what my father could have given me, less than nothing compared with *one* memory of the past! You know me. I could not live without intellectual society—intellectual, and devoid of bigotry; a society in which you would shine. It was my parents that parted us; I yielded to their will. Forgive me, and at least let us be friends, even if we are never to be more than friends to each other. Write to me that you are well and happy. Ah, would that your happiness still depended upon me! It would be the hourly study of your devoted Theodosia."

Rosie fairly laughed aloud.

"Poor old thing!" she said; "what a queer jumble of strong-mindedness and sentimentality! But, Phil, you never loved her?"

"Never, darling, never; and I should have given the same answer—'Much obliged, but otherwise disposed of'—even if this precious epistle had not come too late. She would have bought me with gold: little sorceress, *you* bought me with smiles and blushes and priceless love. Heaven be praised for that Scotch baronet, for I really believe he came to the rescue just in time; and, thanks to him, I have lost an heiress and won a Rose-bud."

TOM, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT.

On page 181 we give an illustration which will attract the attention of all our juvenile readers. It shows the young elephant, "Tom," which was presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh by Sir Jung Bahadoor. This ponderous pet (a year ago he was six feet four inches high, and weighed about a ton and a half) joined the Duke's ship, the *Galatea*, at Calcutta. He was lodged in a house built on the upper deck abaft all, and was accompanied by a native mahout, with whom he had lived, slept, and eaten since his birth. The mahout seemed never tired of petting and cleaning his charge, and day after day Tom's broad forehead was decorated with "caste" marks in yellow, white, or red.

At Madras the mahout, much to his own sorrow, was discharged; a new keeper was appointed, to whom Tom became speedily accus-

tomed; while the blue-jackets used to imitate the "caste" marks by chalking "Tom," "Elefant," or the broad arrow on the forehead of their pet. However rough the weather, Tom never lost his equilibrium, and he was so good-tempered and amusing that he became a prime favorite of the ship's company. After evening quarters were over he would march to the forecastle for a "skylark." There he was hailed with delight, and pampered with biscuits, pea soup, and tobacco. Of the latter he was very fond, and would search the deck diligently for a stray quid. He was omnivorous in his diet, eating with equal relish hay, corn, grass, wood-shavings, rice, paper, straw, tea leaves, and blacking; while he would drink beer, Champagne, and spirits freely without ever appearing the worse for liquor. One night he drank up a saucepanful of hot cocoa which had been placed to cool outside his house. The angry cook beat him with the saucepan. Tom resented the indignity by crushing the utensil under foot. When playing with the men he was most careful not to hurt them; letting them pile themselves on his back, trying to rub them off under the stays or against the ropes, hoisting them on to his back with his trunk, or rolling about on the deck with all the *abandon* of a young kitten. He could be as mischievous, too, as a kitten, on occasions. One Sunday, at divisions, the sentry ordered Tom back into his hut. The crafty animal waited till the marine had to repass the door-way on his beat, and then sent out a shower of small biscuit like hail. Perhaps Tom had been reading in the "Arabian Nights" how his kinsman punished the tailor who pricked his trunk. When the *Galatea* lay in Plymouth Sound awaiting inspection, and the ship's company were anxious that the vessel should look as smart as possible, Tom found a can of red ochre in powder, besmeared himself with it, and rouged every thing within reach.

But there was a tragical incident in his career. Being about to proceed by rail from Plymouth to London, Tom walked quietly into the horse-box prepared for his reception. There were three men with him—Messrs. BARTLETT and SMART, from the Zoological Gardens, and WILLIAM PATON, a corporal of the Marine Artillery, who had been keeper ever since the capture in the Rajah's preserve in Nepaul. As soon as the train got into full speed the elephant began to plunge about, blow his trumpet, and shriek violently. He reared on his hind-legs, broke down a bar and the ventilator door in the horse-box. By aid of the driving pole, and of leather thongs attached to his ears, he was quieted down, but in his first struggles he had crushed PATON against the side of the horse-box, and the poor fellow died before a station could be reached. Tom was safely housed at the Zoological Gardens, but has since been removed to Dublin.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. ESCHER VON DER LINTH and DESOR, at the last meeting of the Association of Swiss Naturalists, made a communication upon the discovery of a new bone cave in the Swabian Alps by Professor FRAAS, a gentleman who has already made important discoveries in regard to the deposits of Primitive Man in the moraines of the old glacier of the Rhine, near Schussenried, in Upper Swabia. The cave itself, known as "the Hohlenfels," is one of the largest and best known in the Swabian Alps, and is reached through a passage-way of about ten feet in height and twelve in width. After penetrating one hundred feet it opens into a wide chamber, formed by a magnificent arch about fifty feet high, the bottom of this hall being covered with a layer of stone fallen from the roof, and under this a stratum of black mould, partly resulting from the dung of bats, with which it is infested by thousands. Beneath this there is a second stratum of stones, and under these the red ferruginous and moist clay, which incloses immense numbers of fossil bones. This has been carefully investigated in the interest of the Natural History Museum of Stuttgart, and the collections made will doubtless in time furnish an important feature of this extensive museum.

The remains hitherto discovered embrace, among others, a number of bones belonging to a huge cat allied to the lion, and of gigantic dimensions. There was also an antelope allied to one described from the diluvium of Puy-de-Dome; two species of oxen, one very small, and the other very large—the Aurochs; three kinds of bears, a horse, and the bones of many birds. Bones of the reindeer, the rhinoceros, and the mammoth also occurred. No human bones have yet been found, but numerous traces of the abode of man in the cavern have been detected; among these are numerous bones which have been split and crushed for the purpose of extracting the marrow. Some of the horses' teeth are perforated, apparently for the purpose of use as ornaments. Fragments of pottery occur also in considerable profusion, together with various forms of flint and bone implements.

The antiquity of these remains undoubtedly dates back to the ice period; but Professor FRAAS maintains that it also extends into the end of the tertiary period; which may involve the assumption that man occupied the cave at the time when Central Europe had not received its present configuration. However this may be, we have here a primitive race, living exclusively by the chase, without a single tame animal, not even a dog. Subsequently the race vanished from Middle Europe, probably retreating, with the reindeer, to the arctic regions, while their giant contemporaries, the mammoth and rhinoceros, ceased to exist.

It is well known that some of the most eminent manufacturers of physical apparatus in Paris were Germans, who at the outburst of the war were obliged to leave that city for fear of the molestation of the Parisians. Among this number are mentioned KOENIG, RUHMKORFF, HOFMANN, and others. According to the Abbé MOIGNO, these gentlemen have returned, or are preparing to return, to re-establish their business, and have steadily refused many very flattering invitations on the part of the German authorities to remain in Germany and there carry on their establishments.

We learn that the Smithsonian Institution has recently succeeded in obtaining two complete skeletons of the remarkable tapir of the highlands of the United States of Colombia, known to naturalists as *Tapirus pinchaque* or *roulini*. Previously only the skull had been obtained by ROULIN, by whom it was first made known, and it was one of the rarities of the great anatomical collection at Paris. The Smithsonian Institution had before obtained a number of skulls, and a skeleton of the still more remarkable tapir of Panama, which had remained undistinguished from the common species of Panama till within a few years, when first described, under the name of *Elasmognathus bairdii*, by Professor GILL, from two skulls in the Smithsonian collection. There are no external or dental differences between the tapirs corresponding with the marked differences in the skulls; the external differences being confined to the contour of the forehead, the color, and the character of the hair. In the mountain tapir, as might be expected in an animal dwelling in such elevated regions, the hair is long and coarse, and is of a black color, strongly contrasting with that of the common tapir of South America; it is also somewhat smaller than that species, and has the forehead less arched from the occiput. It is confined to the highlands, and is separated, at least so far as is known, by quite a wide band of country from the common species.

Preliminary reports of the observations of the recent total eclipse in India have been received from most of the stations, from which we judge that little has been added to the discoveries made by the American observers of the last two eclipses. The following extracts of letters from JANSSEN and LOCKYER include all of importance yet communicated. Mr. JANSSEN says:

"The magnificent corona observed at Sholoor showed itself in such a way that it seems to me impossible to admit such causes as diffraction or reflection from the moon, or simple illumination of our atmosphere. The spectrum of the corona, as seen in my telescope, was not continuous, as heretofore found, but remarkably complex. I found in it the brilliant rays of hydrogen gas, which forms the principal element of the protuberances and the chromosphere, but much more feeble; the brilliant green ray remarked during the eclipses of 1869 and 1870, and some others more feeble; some dark rays of the ordinary solar spectrum, especially that of sodium (D): these rays were much more difficult to see."

From these observations JANSSEN concludes that:

"Besides the cosmical matter independent of the sun which must exist around this body, the observations indicate the existence of an excessively rare matter, mainly of hydrogen, extending far beyond the chromosphere and protuberances, and fed in the same way with these by matter projected out with great violence, as we see every day. The rareness of this atmosphere at a short distance from the chromosphere must be excessive, so that its existence is not inconsistent with the observed passage of some comets near the sun."

Mr. LOCKYER saw the same bright lines in the corona that JANSSEN did, but the green line was much fainter than he had expected. He glanced at the corona through a six-inch telescope. Its structure was exquisite and strongly developed.

"I at once exclaimed, 'Like Orion!' Thousands of interlacing filaments, varying in intensity, were visible: in fact, I saw an extension of the prominence structure in cooler material. This died out some 5′ or 6′ from the sun, and then there was nothing."

Both Mr. LOCKYER and Professor RESPIGHI, of Rome, observed the corona and chromosphere through a spectroscope without a slit, as proposed by Professor YOUNG. Thus four images, one corresponding to each of the principal lines, were distinctly seen, and the effect is described as very beautiful, though nothing especially new was brought out.

Several observers tried to reproduce Professor YOUNG'S observation of the reversal of all the lines of the spectrum at the moment when the sun was just covered, but Major TENNANT, so far as we have yet heard, was the only one who succeeded.

Mr. W. T. BLANFORD, of the India Geological Survey, has been appointed a member of the British expedition for the survey of the boundary between Persia and Beloochistan. The region is one the natural history of which is entirely unknown, and it is probable that interesting discoveries will be the point of Mr. BLANFORD'S enterprise.

We have received information of the death, on the 9th of December last, of Pastor LOUIS VORTISCH, of Satow, in Germany, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Although not conspicuous as one of the leading spirits in scientific matters, Pastor VORTISCH was well known among a limited circle of friends and acquaintances as a geologist of no mean ability, and as having published several interesting geological treatises. He was also devoted to ethnological pursuits, and was especially interested in the prehistoric remains of stone, bronze, and iron found in Germany, of which he contributed numerous valuable specimens to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The annual report, in detail, of the Chief Signal Officer has made its appearance, and contains an account of operations during the year ending June 30, 1871. This, of course, does not embrace the new work that has been entered upon since that time, but it gives a satisfactory picture of activity in this important branch of the public service. The report contains lists of all observers and stations, the rules and regulations of the service, directions for observing and recording meteorological phenomena, and a great deal of miscellaneous matter interesting not only to the scientific reader, but to the general public.

In a letter addressed by VON HEUGLIN to MIDDENDORFF, of the St. Petersburg Academy, we find the fullest details of the exploration instituted by that eminent traveler during the past summer in the Nova Zembla seas. In this he remarks that the original plan included a visit to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, perhaps even extending to the island of New Siberia. This, however, was found to be impracticable on account of unseasonable weather, as it was not till the 6th of August that they reached the Straits of Matotschkin. Up to that time they had met with no ice; but after passing the straits to the east there was very much drift ice from the Sea of Kara so as almost to bar their way. Finding that the northern coast of the island was entirely embargoed by ice, they turned to the south, and in passing visited the Straits of Kostin and the Nechwatowa, then Waigatsch, and finally arrived at the Straits of Jugorsky on the 1st of September. Here the expedition did not make any better progress than in the Straits of Matotschkin, and fearing that they might be shut in by the ice for the winter, they returned to their starting-place.

Among the more important results of the voyage were numerous soundings and measurements of deep-sea temperatures, as also various geographical determinations; while large collections of specimens of natural history were brought together. Among these the most interesting was the discovery of two different species of lemming in Nova Zembla, and it was thought possible that in Southern Nova Zembla still a third species might be met with. The same animal was also found in Spitzbergen. Numerous birds were obtained in Nova Zembla and Waigatsch; among them the Mandt's guillemot. Of fishes, some species of cod, cottus, and salmon were obtained, and about one hundred species of plants.

(Continued from No. 788, page 119.)

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXV.

"IN TOWN."

LORD DANESBURY had arrived at Bruton Street to confer with certain members of the Cabinet who remained in town after the session chiefly to consult with him. He was accompanied by his niece, Lady Maude, and by Walpole, the latter continuing to reside under his roof rather from old habit than from any strong wish on either side.

Walpole had obtained a short extension of his leave, and employed the time in trying to make up his mind about a certain letter to Nina Kostalergi, which he had written nearly fifty times in different versions and destroyed. Neither his lordship nor his niece ever saw him. They knew he had a room or two somewhere, a servant was occasionally encountered on the way to him with a breakfast-tray and an urn; his letters were seen on the hall table; but, except these, he gave no signs of life—never appeared at luncheon or at dinner—and as much dropped out of all memory or interest as though he had ceased to be.

It was one evening, yet early—scarcely eleven o'clock—as Lord Danesbury's little party of four Cabinet chiefs had just departed, that he sat at the drawing-room fire with Lady Maude, chatting over the events of the evening's conversation, and discussing, as men will do at times, the characters of their guests.

"It has been nearly as tiresome as a Cabinet Council, Maude!" said he, with a sigh, "and not unlike it in one thing—it was almost always the men who knew least of any matter who discussed it most exhaustively."

"I conclude you know what you are going out to do, my lord, and do not care to hear the desultory notions of people who know nothing."

"Just so. What could a First Lord tell me about those Russian intrigues in Albania? or is it likely that a Home Secretary is aware of what is preparing in Montenegro? They get hold of some crotchet in the *Révue de Deux Mondes*, and, assuming it all to be true, they ask defiantly, 'How are you going to deal with that? Why did you not foresee the other?' and such-like. How little they know, as that fellow Atlee says, that a man evolves his Turkey out of the necessities of his pocket, and captures his Constantinople to pay for a dinner at the 'Frères!' What fleets of Russian gun-boats have I seen launched to procure a few bottles of Champagne! I remember a chasse of Kersch, with the café, costing a whole battery of Krupp's breech-loaders!"

"Are our own journals more correct?"

"They are more cautious, Maude—far more cautious. Nine days' wonders with us would be too costly. Nothing must be risked that can affect the funds. The share-list is too solemn a thing for joking."

"The Premier was very silent to-night," said she, after a pause.

"He generally is in company: he looks like a man bored at being obliged to listen to people saying the things that he knows as well, and could tell better than they do."

"How completely he appears to have forgiven or forgotten the Irish *fiasco!*"

"Of course he has. An extra blunder in the conduct of Irish affairs is only like an additional mask in a fancy ball—the whole thing is motley; and asking for consistency would be like requesting the company to behave like archdeacons."

"And so the mischief has blown over?"

"In a measure it has. The Opposition quarreled among themselves; and such as were not ready to take office if we were beaten declined to press the motion. The irresponsibles went on, as they always do, to their own destruction. They became violent, and, of course, our people appealed against the violence, and with such temperate language and good-breeding that we carried the House with us."

"I see there was quite a sensation about the word 'villain.'"

"No; miscreant. It was miscreant—a word very popular in O'Connell's day, but rather obsolete now. When the Speaker called on the member for an apology we had won the day! These rash utterances in debate are the explosive balls that no one must use in battle; and if we only discover one in a fellow's pouch we discredit the whole army."

"I forget: did they press for a division?"

"No; we stopped them. We agreed to give them a 'special committee to inquire.' Of all devices for secrecy invented, I know of none like a 'special committee of inquiry.' Whatever people have known beforehand their faith will now be shaken in, and every possible or accidental contingency assume a shape, a size, and a stability beyond all belief. They have got their committee, and I wish them luck of it! The only men who could tell them any thing will take care not to criminate themselves, and the report will be a plaintive cry over a country where so few people can be persuaded to tell the truth, and nobody should seem any worse in consequence."

"Cecil certainly did it," said she, with a certain bitterness.

"I suppose he did. These young players are always thinking of scoring eight or ten on a single hazard: one should never back them!"

"Mr. Atlee said there was some female influence at work. He would not tell me what nor whom. Possibly he did not know."

"I rather suspect he *did* know. They were people, if I mistake not, belonging to that Irish castle—Kil—Kil-somebody, or Kil-something."

"Was Walpole flirting there? was he going to marry one of them?"

"Flirting, I take it, must have been the extent of the folly. Cecil often said he could not marry Irish. I have known men do it! You are aware, Maude"—and here he looked with uncommon gravity—"the penal laws have been all repealed?"

"I was speaking of society, my lord, not the statutes," said she, resentfully, and half suspicious of a sly jest.

"Had she money?" asked he, curtly.

"I can not tell; I know nothing of these people whatever! I remember something—it was a newspaper story—of a girl that saved Cecil's life by throwing herself before him: a very pretty incident it was; but these things make no figure in a settlement; and a woman may be as bold as Joan of Arc, and not have sixpence. Atlee says you can always settle the courage on the younger children."

"Atlee's an arrant scamp," said my lord, laughing. "He should have written some days since."

"I suppose he is too late for the borough; the Cradford election comes on next week?" Though there could not be any thing more languidly indifferent than her voice in this question, a faint pinkish tinge flitted across her cheek, and left it colorless as before.

"Yes, he has his address out, and there is a sort of committee—certain licensed-victualer people—to whom he has been promising some especial Sabbath-breaking that they yearn after. I have not read it."

"*I* have; and it is cleverly written, and there is little more radical in it than we heard this very day at dinner. He tells the electors, 'You are no more bound to the support of an army or a navy, if you do not wish to fight, than to maintain the College of Surgeons and Physicians, if you object to take physic.' He says: 'To tell *me* that I, with eight shillings a week, have an equal interest in resisting invasion as your Lord Dido, with eighty thousand per annum, is simply nonsense. If you,' cries he to one of his supporters, 'were to be offered your life by a highwayman on surrendering some few pence or half-pence you carried in *your* pocket, you do not mean to dictate what my Lord Marquis might do, who has got a gold watch and a pocketful of notes in *his*. And so I say once more, let the rich pay for the defense of what they value. You and I have nothing worth fighting for, and we will not fight.' Then as to religion—"

"Oh, spare me his theology! I can almost imagine it, Maude. I had no conception he was such a radical."

"He is not really, my lord; but he tells me that we must all go through this stage. It is, as he says, like a course of those waters whose benefit is exactly in proportion to the way they disagree with you at first. He even said, one evening before he went away, 'Take my word for it, Lady Maude, we shall be burning these apostles of ballot and universal suffrage in effigy one day; but I intend to go beyond every one else in the mean while, else the rebound back will loose half its excellence.'"

"What is this?" cried he, as the servant entered with a telegram. "This is from Athens, Maude, and in cipher, too. How are we to make it out?"

"Cecil has the key, my lord. It is the diplomatic cipher."

"Do you think you could find it in his room, Maude? It is possible this might be imminent."

"I shall see if he is at home," said she, rising to ring the bell. The servant sent to inquire returned, saying that Mr. Walpole had dined abroad, and not returned since dinner.

"I'm sure you could find the book, Maude, and it is a small, square-shaped volume, bound in dark Russia leather, with F. O. on the cover."

"I know the look of it well enough; but I do not fancy ransacking Cecil's chamber."

"I do not know that I should like to await his return to read my dispatch. I can just make out that it comes from Atlee."

"I suppose I had better go, then," said she, reluctantly, as she rose and left the room.

Ordering the butler to precede and show her the way, Lady Maude ascended to a story above that she usually inhabited, and found herself in a very spacious chamber, with an alcove, into which a bed fitted, the remaining space being arranged like an ordinary sitting-room. There were numerous chairs and sofas of comfortable

form, a well-cushioned ottoman, smelling, indeed, villainously of tobacco, and a neat writing-table, with a most luxurious arrangement of shaded wax-lights above it.

A singularly well executed photograph of a young and very lovely woman, with masses of loose hair flowing over her neck and shoulders, stood on a little gilt easel on the desk, and it was, strange enough, with a sense of actual relief, Maude read the word Titian on the frame. It was a copy of the great master's picture in the Dresden Gallery, and of which there is a replica in the Barberini Palace at Rome; but still the portrait had another memory for Lady Maude, who quickly recalled the girl she had once seen in a crowded assembly, passing through a murmur of admiration that no conventionality could repress, and whose marvelous beauty seemed to glow with the homage it inspired.

Scraps of poetry, copies of verses, changed and blotted couplets, were scrawled on loose sheets of paper on the desk; but Maude minded none of these, as she pushed them away to rest her arm on the table, while she sat gazing on the picture.

The face had so completely absorbed her attention—so, to say, fascinated her—that when the servant, who had found the volume he was in search of, presented it to her, she merely said, "Take it to my lord," and sat still, with her head resting on her hands, and her eyes fixed on the portrait.

"There may be some resemblance, there may be, at least, what might remind people of 'the Laura'—so was it called; but who will pretend that *she* carried her head with that swing of lofty pride, or that *her* look could rival the blended majesty and womanhood we see here! I do not—I can not believe it!"

"What is it, Maude, that you will not or can not believe?" said a low voice; and she saw Walpole standing beside her.

"Let me first excuse myself for being here," said she, blushing. "I came in search of that little cipher-book to interpret a dispatch that has just come. When Fenton found it I was so engrossed by this pretty face that I have done nothing but gaze at it."

"And what was it that seemed so incredible as I came in?"

"Simply this, then, that any one should be so beautiful."

"Titian seems to have solved that point; at least, Vasari tells us this was a portrait of a lady of the Guicciardini family."

"I know—I know that," said she, impatiently; "and we do see faces in which Titian or Velasquez has stamped nobility and birth as palpably as they have painted loveliness and expression. And such were these women, daughters in a long line of the proud Patricians who once ruled Rome."

"And yet," said he, slowly, "that portrait has its living counterpart."

"I am aware of whom you speak: the awkward angular girl we all saw at Rome, and that you young gentlemen called the Tizziana."

"She is certainly no longer awkward, nor angular now, if she were once so, which I do not remember. She is a model of grace and symmetry, and as much more beautiful than that picture as color, expression, and movement are better than a lifeless image."

"There is the fervor of a lover in your words, Cecil," said she, smiling faintly.

"It is not often I am so forgetful," muttered he; "but so it is; our cousinship has done it all, Maude. One revels in expansiveness with his own, and I can speak to you as I can not to another."

"It is a great flattery to me."

"In fact, I feel that at last I have a sister—a dear and loving spirit who will give to true friendship those delightful traits of pity and tenderness, and even forgiveness, of which only the woman's nature can know the needs."

Lady Maude rose slowly, without a word. Nothing of heightened color or movement of her features indicated anger or indignation, and though Walpole stood with an affected submissiveness before her, he marked her closely.

"I am sure, Maude," continued he, "you must often have wished to have a brother."

"Never so much as at this moment!" said she, calmly—and now she had reached the door. "If I had had a brother, Cecil Walpole, it is possible I might have been spared this insult!"

The next moment the door closed, and Walpole was alone.

"WALPOLE LOOKED KEENLY AT THE OTHER'S FACE AS HE READ THE PAPER."

CHAPTER LXVI.

ATLEE'S MESSAGE.

"I AM right, Maude," said Lord Danesbury, as his niece re-entered the drawing-room. "This is from Atlee, who is at Athens; but why there I can not make out as yet. There are, according to the book, two explanations here: 491 means a white dromedary, or the chief clerk, and B + 49 = 12 stands for our Envoy in Greece, or a snuffer-dish."

"Don't you think, my lord, it would be better for you to send this up to Cecil? He has just come in. He has had much experience of these things."

"You are quite right, Maude; let Fenton take it up and beg for a speedy transcript of it. I should like to see it at once."

While his lordship waited for his dispatch he grumbled away about every thing that occurred to him, and even, at last, about the presence of the very man, Walpole, who was at that same moment engaged in serving him.

"Stupid fellow," muttered he, "why does he ask for extension of his leave? Staying in town here is only another name for spending money. He'll have to go out at last; better do it at once!"

"He may have his own reasons, my lord, for delay," said Maude, rather to suggest further discussion of the point.

"He may think he has, I've no doubt. These small creatures have always scores of irons in the fire. So it was when I agreed to go to Ireland. There were innumerable fine things and clever things he was to do. There were schemes by which 'the Cardinal' was to be cajoled, and the whole Bar bamboozled. Every one was to have office dangled before his eyes, and to be treated so confidentially and affectionately under disappointment that even when a man got nothing he would feel he had secured the regard of the Prime Minister! If I took him out to Turkey to-morrow, he'd never be easy till he had a plan 'to square' the Grand Vizier, and entrap Gortschakoff or Miliutin. These men don't know that a clever fellow no more goes in search of rogueries than a fox-hunter looks out for stiff fences. You 'take them' when they lie before you, that's all." This little burst of indignation seemed to have the effect on him of a little wholesome exercise, for he appeared to feel himself better and easier after it.

"Dear me! dear me!" muttered he, "how pleasant one's life might be if it were not for the clever fellows! I mean, of course," added he, after a second or two, "the clever fellows who want to impress us with their cleverness."

Maude would not be entrapped or enticed into what might lead to a discussion. She never uttered a word, and he was silent.

It was in the perfect stillness that followed that Walpole entered the room with the telegram in his hand, and advanced to where Lord Danesbury was sitting.

"I believe, my lord, I have made out this message in such a shape as will enable *you* to divine what it means. It runs thus: 'Athens, 5th, 12 o'clock. Have seen S——, and conferred at length with him. *His estimate of value*,' or '*his price*'—for the signs will mean either—'to *my thinking, enormous. His reasonings certainly strong, and not easy to rebut*.' That may be possibly rendered, *demands that might probably be reduced*. '*I leave to-day, and shall be in England by middle of next week.* ATLEE.'"

Walpole looked keenly at the other's face as he read the paper, to mark what signs of interest or eagerness the tidings might evoke. There was, however, nothing to be read in those cold and quiet features.

"I am glad he is coming back," said he at length. "Let us see: he can reach Marseilles by Monday, or even Sunday night. I don't see why he should not be here Wednesday, or Thursday at farthest. By-the-way, Cecil, tell me something about our friend—who is he?"

"Don't know, my lord."

"Don't know! How came you acquainted with him?"

"Met him at a country house where I happened to break my arm, and took advantage of this young fellow's skill in surgery to engage his services to carry me to town. There's the whole of it."

"Is he a surgeon?"

"No, my lord, any more than he is fifty other things of which he has a smattering."

"Has he any means—any private fortune?"

"I suspect not."

"Who and what are his family? Are there Atlees in Ireland?"

"There may be, my lord. There was an Atlee, a college porter, in Dublin; but I heard our friend say that they were only distantly related."

He could not help watching Lady Maude as he said this, and was rejoiced to see a sudden twitch of her lower lip, as if in pain.

"You evidently sent him over to me, then, on a very meagre knowledge of the man," said his lordship, rebukingly.

"I believe, my lord, I said at the time that I had by me a clever fellow, who wrote a good hand, could copy correctly, and was sufficient of a gentleman in his manners to make intercourse with him easy, and not disagreeable."

"A very guarded recommendation," said Lady Maude, with a smile.

"Was it not, Maude?" continued he, his eyes flashing with triumphant insolence.

"*I* found he could do more than copy a dispatch—I found he could write one. He replied to an article in the *Edinburgh* on Turkey, and I saw him write it as I did not know there was another man but myself in England could have done."

"Perhaps your lordship had talked over the subject in his presence, or with him?"

"And if I had, Sir? and if all his knowledge on a complex question was such as he could carry away from a random conversation, what a gifted dog he must be to sift the wheat from the chaff—to strip a question of what were mere accidental elements, and to test a difficulty by its real qualities. Atlee is a clever fellow, an able fellow, I assure you. That very telegram before us is a proof how he can deal with a matter on which instruction would be impossible."

"Indeed, my lord!" said Walpole, with well-assumed innocence.

"I am right glad to know he is coming home. He must demolish that writer in the *Révue de Deux Mondes* at once—some unprincipled French blackguard, who has been put up to attack me by Thouvenel!"

Would it have appeased his lordship's wrath to know that the writer of this defamatory article was no other than Joe Atlee himself, and that the reply which was to "demolish it" was more than half written in his desk at that moment?

"I shall ask," continued my lord—"I shall ask him, besides, to write a paper on Ireland, and that *fiasco* of yours, Cecil."

"Much obliged, my lord!"

"Don't be angry or indignant! A fellow with a neat, light hand like Atlee can, even under the guise of allegation, do more to clear you than scores of vulgar apologists. He can, at least, show that what our distinguished head of the Cabinet calls 'the flesh-and-blood argument' has its full weight with us in our government of Ireland, and that our bitterest enemies can not say, 'We have no sympathies with the nation we rule over.'"

"I suspect, my lord, that what you have so graciously called '*my fiasco*' is well-nigh forgotten by this time, and wiser policy would say, 'Do not revive it!'"

"There's a great policy in saying in 'an article' all that could be said in 'a debate,' and showing after all how little it comes to. Even the feeble grievance-mongers grow ashamed at retailing the review and the newspapers; but, what is better still, if the article be smartly written, they are sure to mistake the peculiarities of style for points in the argument. I have seen some splendid blunders of that kind when I sat in the Lower House! I wish Atlee was in Parliament."

"I am not aware that he can speak, my lord."

"Neither am I; but I should risk a small bet on it. He is a ready fellow, and the ready fellows are many-sided, eh, Maude?"

Now, though his lordship only asked for his niece's concurrence in his own sage remark, Walpole affected to understand it as a direct appeal to her opinion of Atlee, and said, "Is that your judgment of this gentleman, Maude?"

"I have no prescription to measure the abilities of such men as Mr. Atlee."

"You find him pleasant, witty, and agreeable, I hope?" said he, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Yes, I think so."

"With an admirable memory and great readiness for an *à propos?*"

"Perhaps he has."

"As a retailer of an incident they tell me he has no rival."

"I can not say."

"Of course not. I take it the fellow has tact enough not to tell stories here."

"What is all that you are saying there?" cried his lordship, to whom these few sentences were "an aside."

"Cecil is praising Mr. Atlee, my lord," said Maude, bluntly.

"I did not know I had been, my lord," said he. "He belongs to a class of men who interest me very little."

"What class may that be?"

"The adventurers, my lord. The fellows who make the campaign of life on the faith that they shall find their rations in some other man's knapsack."

"Ha! indeed. Is that our friend's line?"

"Most undoubtedly, my lord. I am ashamed to say that it was entirely my own fault if you are saddled with the fellow at all."

"I do not see the infliction—"

"I mean, my lord, that, in a measure, I put him on you without very well knowing what it was that I did."

"Have you heard—do you know any thing of the man that should inspire caution or distrust?"

"Well, these are strong words," muttered he, hesitatingly.

But Lady Maude broke in with a passionate tone: "Don't you see, my lord, that he does not know any thing to this person's disadvantage—that it is only my cousin's diplomatic reserve—that commendable caution of his order—suggests his careful conduct? Cecil knows no more of Atlee than we do."

"Perhaps not so much," said Walpole, with an impertinent simper.

"*I* know," said his lordship, "that he is a monstrous clever fellow. He can find you the passage you want or the authority you are seeking for at a moment; and when he writes he can be rapid and concise too."

"He has many rare gifts, my lord," said Walpole, with the sly air of one who had said a covert impertinence. "I am very curious to know what you mean to do with him."

"Mean to do with him? Why, what should I mean to do with him?"

"The very point I wish to learn. A protégé, my lord, is a parasitic plant, and you can not deprive it of its double instincts—to cling and to climb."

"How witty my cousin has become since his sojourn in Ireland!" said Maude.

Walpole flushed deeply, and for a moment he seemed about to reply angrily; but, with an effort, he controlled himself, and, turning toward the time-piece on the chimney, said: "How late! I could not have believed it was past one! I hope, my lord, I have made your dispatch intelligible?"

"Yes, yes; I think so. Besides, he will be here in a day or two to explain."

"I shall, then, say good-night, my lord. Good-night, Cousin Maude." But Lady Maude had already left the room unnoticed.

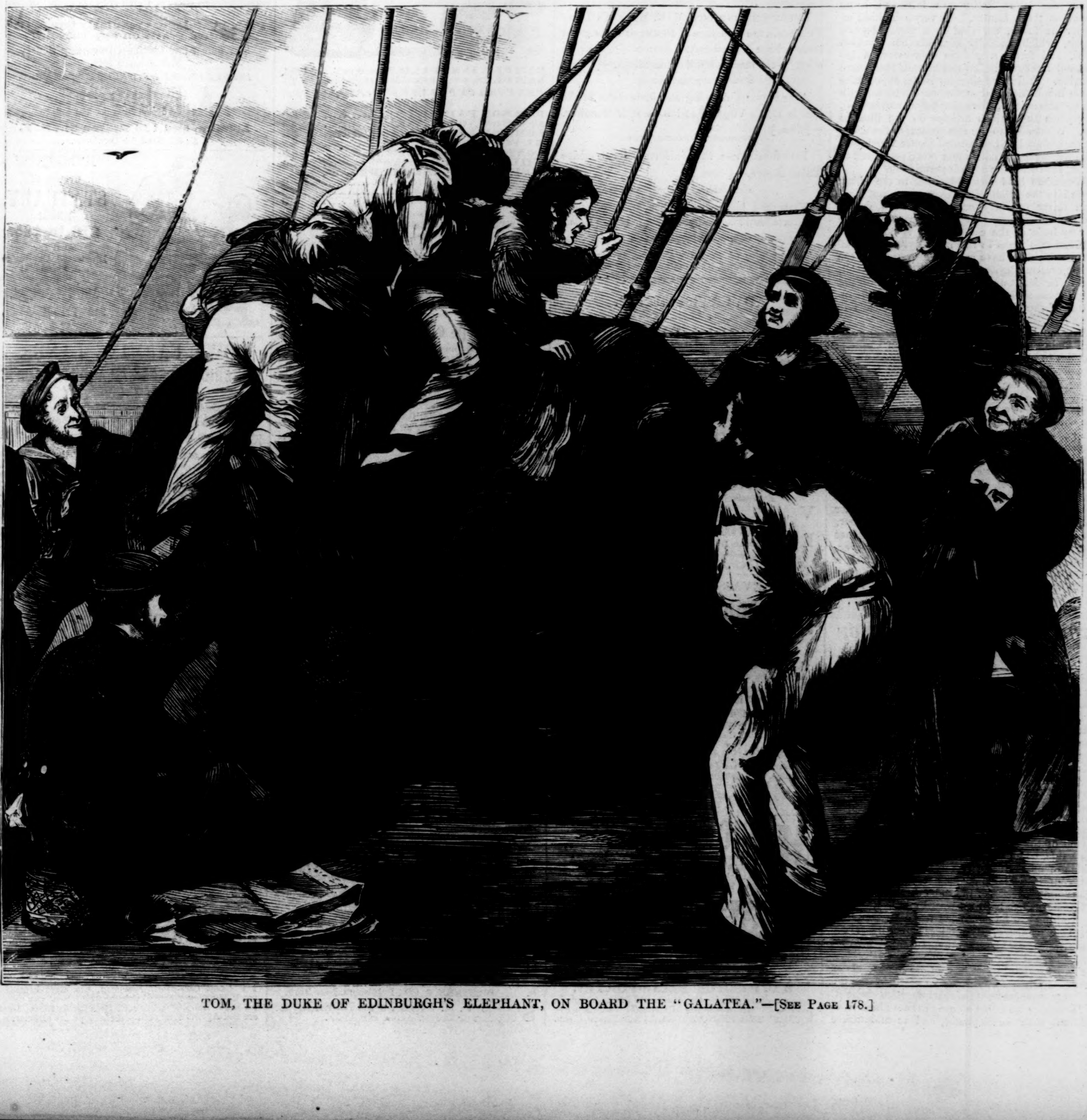
MODERN MONACHISM IN ENGLAND—THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

A MODERN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

Not the least remarkable among the varied religious phenomena of the present day is the sudden and widely spread revival of monachism in England. For upward of three centuries monasteries have been practically unknown in that country, thanks to the effectual manner in which the orders for their suppression were executed by Thomas Cromwell, at that time favorite minister of Henry VIII. But recently, availing themselves of the spirit of religious toleration which has become a characteristic of the generality of English people, the Benedictines, Dominicans, Capuchins, Augustines, Cistercians, and other leading monastic organizations connected with the Romish Church, have re-established themselves in various parts of the kingdom, frequently evincing in their choice of localities the same good taste and forethought that were displayed by their predecessors in the days of old.

Among these establishments stands the Abbey or Monastery of Mount St. Bernard, situated in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, of which an engraving will be found on this page. The buildings are inhabited by monks belonging to the Cistercian order, a branch of the Benedictines, and so called from their first monastery having been erected about 1098, in the Forest of Citeaux (in Latin Cistercia), five miles from Dijon; the founder of the new order being an Englishman, one Stephen Harding, who had acquired a reputation for sanctity and great learning.

The English monastery of Mount St. Bernard



TOM, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT, ON BOARD THE "GALATEA."—[See Page 178.]

dates from 1835, when the greater portion of the lands, now amounting to about three hundred acres, belonging to the abbey was purchased from the late THOMAS GISBORNE, M.P. At first Brother AUGUSTINE and the five monks who subsequently joined him had a sore time of it. They lived in a small cottage for a couple of years, until sufficient funds had been with great difficulty raised to enable them to build a somewhat unpretending and inexpensive establishment, consisting of a monastery, chapel, and farm buildings. The present abbey was not commenced until 1842, its erection being at the suggestion of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, who also contributed largely toward defraying its cost. It is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Charnwood Forest, about one mile from the village of Whitwick, the surrounding scenery being exceeding wild and romantic—more, indeed, resembling that of Sicily than that characteristic of England. Irregular masses of granite rocks of bold and rugged outline surround the land cultivated by the monks; and as the situation is exceedingly elevated, the extensive prospects which open out beyond these from different points of view are truly glorious to behold. On the north side of the abbey is a large rock, on the summit of which is a huge cross. This is called the Calvary, and is visible from the greater part of the surrounding country.

The piles of buildings forming the abbey are in the early English style, and include, in addition to the church, a cloister, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, guest-house, lavatory, kitchen, offices, etc., with massive walls and buttresses, long and narrow windows, high gables and roofs, with deeply arched door-ways, as shown in the illustration.

There is little of romance in the daily routine of a Cistercian monastery; it is sleep, prayer, and toil, and toil, prayer, and sleep, day after day, week after week, and year after year. Their diet is exceedingly coarse and simple. They never eat flesh-meat, fish, or eggs; the only animal food allowed them being milk and cheese. They have to perform the most menial offices, even to the making and washing of their clothing, and the feeding of the pigs, the monk to whom the latter duties are intrusted being known as "the farmer." A very odd kind of farmer he looks, as, clad in a farm-laborer's smock, which partially conceals his monkish robes, and forms a strange contrast with his dark-colored cowl, he devotes himself to the care of swine. Still more singular is the appearance of the monks engaged at the wash-tub, as, with their gowns carefully tucked up before and behind, they place the articles on the lines to dry. What adds to the strangeness of the scene is the profound and unnatural silence which prevails among the monks, none being permitted to speak, save with the abbot's permission.

When the land now belonging to the abbey came into the hands of the Cistercians, not more than thirty or forty acres were in a decent state of cultivation. At the present time there is very little of the estate which is not in fair cultivation, thanks to the unwearying labor of the monks, who have contrived to turn to the fullest account the slender capabilities of the soil, and to render it available in supplying food not only for themselves, but also for the juvenile inmates of the reformatory which is attached to the abbey.

The monks are also large sellers of farm produce, finding customers among Roman Catholic families in all parts of the United Kingdom, especially for butter, that manufactured by them being among the finest known. In fact, they have rendered the abbey land not merely self-supporting, but a source of profit also. Out of the wilderness they have formed a garden, but the garden lacks one charm—it is unblessed by the smile of woman. Should one of the softer sex by any chance find herself in the neighborhood of the monastery, and feel impelled by curiosity to visit it, she will be doomed to disappointment. She may proceed as far as the chief entrance, but beyond this she must not pass, her further progress being stayed by a grated door, on which is an inscription to the effect that females are not admitted. She may, however, if so inclined, inspect the museum, which is a room filled with rosaries, beads, crucifixes, photographs, the sale of which contributes not a little to the revenues of the abbey.

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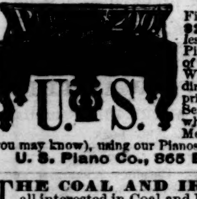

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